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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Land of Contrasts

"THE land of contrasts" an English commentator on America once dubbed the United States, and a land of contrasts it still remains despite the standardization its critics so much deplore. A land where business expresses itself in the aspiring beauty of a Woolworth tower, and art seeks its outlet in advertising chewing gum; where radio and aeroplane are the commonplaces of existence and a man inflating rubber toys gathers throngs on the street corner; where a passionate devotion to cross-word puzzles can exist cheek by jowl with a canonization of baseball, and a highly intricate social organization in no way precludes a childlike enjoyment of trifles. Contrast, variety, change, indeed, are so omnipresent in America that education, in the wider sense of the term that means schooling through experience and not through the classroom, is a constant bombardment of the senses. For reflection, for the weighing of impressions, the indulgence of a philosophical habit of mind our civilization has small leeway.

Indeed, American society as a whole closely parallels the experience of the young child. An immense mass of impressions is being constantly hurled at it, disjointed, glittering, inchoate. They come so thick and fast that there is no time for synthesis, no time for answer to the first why before the second query springs to mind. The habit of our daily living renders escape from the multiplicity and the transitoriness of impressions impossible. The city streets we walk fling their wares at us in an emblazonment of light by night and color by day that forces the eye and mind from the one to the other; the country roads we travel have their billboards strategically disposed to catch the errant fancy at every hilltop; the subways and surface cars present an embryo picture gallery in advertisements whose proximity inevitably draws the glance from one to another; the newspapers, with edition succeeding edition, bring tomorrow's perplexities before today's have sunk into the consciousness. The parts in our American civilization are greater than the whole; the whole, indeed for great numbers of the people is non-existent except as a vague something brooding confusion. Here, then, is another of our American contrasts, or perhaps better, contradictions, a civilization inciting to thinking by the profusion of its manifestations, and by the very insistence of that profusion confounding and deadening thought.

* * *

It is inevitable, of course, that the conditions of our daily thinking should shape and constrict our literature. How can it be otherwise? If life has no pattern how can literature have perspective? Yet literature that deserves the name, that is more than mere ephemera, must see some pattern to life, must present some philosophy of existence. Else is it without reach and meaning beyond the moment, mere photography. Else is it an irritant or an anodyne, not a stimulant.

What can we think of that public which subtends its literary arc between "The Story of Philosophy" at one end and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at the other? What but that it is, unconsciously perhaps, attempting to supply some counterbalance to the impressions which mere living is constantly forging? Here is another of those contrasts of which America is so constantly delivering itself,—a readiness to be diverted by the humors and follies of existence and a wistful approach toward the deeper meanings of life. Or perhaps there is less contrast here than we think. Perhaps in the acceptance of two works so different as "The Story of Philosophy" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" the same instinct is groping—the instinct for stripping the trappings from society in an attempt to rationalize life. Perhaps America is tending toward a future in which a highly mechanized society will present the spectacle of a society laying more and more stress on the intangible values of life. That would be making its contrasts play into a synthesis that would be well for America.

Nemesis

By LORD DUNSANY

ONE lied and broke his word.
Almost I thought to hear
Nemesis striding near.
Yet not a footstep stirred.

Then, to a lonely place
By strong dreams borne away,
Far from his tracks astray
I saw her grim Greek face.

"Never she draweth near.
I erred," I thought. She saith
"On his neck is my breath,
My footfall in his ear."

This Week

"Contemporary Political Thought in England." Reviewed by *W. Y. Elliott.*

"The Meaning of Psychology." Reviewed by *E. R. Guthrie.*

"The Fugger News Letters." Reviewed by *Frederick Marcham.*

"Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court." Reviewed by *Charles G. Haines.*

"Political Justice." Reviewed by *Harold J. Laski.*

"A Dictionary of Modern English Usage." Reviewed by *George Philip Krapp.*

"A Casual Commentary" and "Sherwood Anderson's Notebook." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"The Rise and Fall of Jesse James." Reviewed by *Jim Tully.*

"Nobodaddy" and "The Pot of Earth." Reviewed by *Stephen Vincent Benét.*

"English Poems." A Review.

"The Exquisite Perdita." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

An Unpublished Fragment. By *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Next Week, or Later

"The History of Civilization." Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*

Unction for the Uneducated

By CHARLES A. BENNETT

IT all began with H. G. Wells. Until then we were contented enough with our uninformed state in which the map of our knowledge presented the appearance of a scattered archipelago of facts in a vast ocean of ignorance. Then upon our halcyon weather broke like a storm "The Outline of History." Of course there had been outlines before Wells, but they had been modest enterprises, documents one would study if one had to cram for an examination; but here was an outline that began with the spiral nebula and ended with what Mrs. Wilson wore at the Peace Conference. An outline of such exhausting amplitude was a new and overwhelming phenomenon. And we had to buy it: we could no more escape than from Mah Jongg sets and cross word puzzles. Having bought it we felt obliged to read it. And then we began to realize the appalling extent and depth of our ignorance. The dear old Hittites who formerly had been but a note in that cluster of melodious sounds, "The Hittites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites," were now become part of literal history, and it was our duty to know about them. And the Mongols, and the Byzantine Empire, and Maya civilization—these too had to be studied. So we set to work laboriously to fill in the sundering straits between the islets of our archipelago and to extend it to the dimensions of a continent. It was a big job—some men I know are still mired in volume one—but we had hardly begun upon it when a whole battery of fresh outlines was trained upon us. There was, for example, an "Outline of Science." For one who grew to adolescence in the dear dead nineties and who was accustomed to believe that What Every Young Man Ought to Know might be set within the compass of a small book of some hundred and fifty pages there was something prostrating in the thought that What-every-educated-man-ought-to-be-ashamed-of-himself-for-not - knowing - about - elementary-science could not be contained within less than four (or was it six?) folio volumes. Upon the doctors of literature the scientists' outline operated as a challenge and in a short time we were bombarded with outlines of literature which, emulating the catholic enthusiasm of Mr. Wells, traced the story from the Pyramid Texts to Waste Land.

* * *

After that, the deluge. Think, dear reader, of what I, an average unprotected man, and you, an average man, I assume, like myself, have had to endure in the last few years from the hands of the popular educationalists. First there was Freud and Psychoanalysis and the fifty-seven varieties of the Unconscious. What did we know of the psyche who only the conscious knew? If as second hand I played low, or never bid a four-card suit, my friends told me I had an inferiority complex; if at a street crossing I waited for the policeman's signal instead of thridding the dusky boskage of the traffic I was accused of agoraphobia. In self-defense I had to read Coué and the "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis." So had you. "Then"—to employ the favorite transition of the undergraduate examinee—"then along came" the atom. Here for years we had been living literally surrounded by atoms and we didn't know what the inside of one looked like nor anything about the irresponsible behavior of the electron. And so we were in for a session

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with Niels Bohr and Bertrand Russell and the A. B. C. of atoms. After the atom, the gland. Glands? Glands? Hitherto in our experience glands had been something in your neck that went wrong when you got scarlet fever. Now it seems that we are stuffed with glands and whizzing with hormones and it is simply reprehensible not to be familiar with this part of our internal economy. For all I know there may already be in existence an "Outline of Endocrinology;" if not, you may be sure that some one is even now composing one.

While you were still struggling with the glands a thought may have come to trouble your concentration: Wasn't there something else that you had meant to catch up with first? Oh, yes, Einstein and Relativity. Well, you would have found many outlines and *abécédaires* awaiting your perusal, all eager to tell you that you must keep up with modern science and treat Newton as a back number. Wake up, man! We are living in the twentieth century, and the universe is finite, and space is curved, and the faster you go the shorter you grow, and all the best people now talk of Space-Time, with a hyphen, just like that. But you were not to fly away with the idea that your education as an average man was now complete. While we were studying glands and atoms, psychology had been marching on. Behaviorism was now the mode. *A bas* the Unconscious! Forget all that and study the mysteries of stimulus and response, the conditioned reflex, and visceral tension, otherwise how do you hope ever to cure your child of sucking his thumb? And when you shall have "done" Behaviorism I can recommend you some fascinating Outlines of Philosophy and last but not least an Outline of Pretty Nearly Everything called "Why We Behave like Human Beings." (A book by the way, whose only obscurity is in the title. Why we behave as machines, or as organisms, yes; but the human part of human nature is hardly mentioned).

* * *

Anyone who thinks that these remarks are merely an exercise in facetiousness is gravely mistaken. Nor do they express just a mood of hopeless resignation before unassimilable accumulations of facts. Moreover I suppose that I believe as much as anyone in popular education and the humanizing of the knowledge stored up by scholarship and research. But the persistent efforts of the outliners to educate me and my no less steady failure to round out even one continent of general knowledge have led me to ask a question which seems to show a way out of the valley of humiliation. "Well," I have said to myself, "what of it?" Suppose I had mastered all the outlines so that I had a passable familiarity with subconsciousness and glands and atoms and visceral tensions and Devonian fishes and the Hittites, should I be any better off than I am now? Should I be any nearer a true insight into Nature or Man or God? I am inclined to answer my question with a "probably not." My newly acquired knowledge would make me only more painfully aware of how ignorant I am. I would be spurred to fresh efforts after more knowledge, and then again to more, and to more, endlessly. Thus reflecting I began to wonder if there were not some illusion in this pursuit of knowledge by the method of accumulation, some fallacy in the idea of reclaiming the ocean of ignorance for the firm ground of science. Perhaps the ocean can never be reclaimed. I thought of analogous illusions. The political illusion of expansion. A state must expand because it cannot afford to have hostile neighbors. When the first circle of expansion has been accomplished there are still hostile neighbors and so the process goes on. The logical conclusion is that each state must expand until it is the only state. But is that really the road to political security? I thought of the social illusion of progress: more machines, more wealth, increased production, a larger population. As though each stage in progress did not introduce as many problems as it solved. I thought of the ethical ideal of the superman. "More, more, cry the daughters of the horse leech." Is there no other way but this?

One day while these ideas were fermenting in my mind I chanced upon a boy of eleven preparing his home work. In answer to my question he told me he was studying history. Looking at his book I discovered that he was reading about Neolithic man. So nowadays children begin their history with the Stone Age! When I was eleven I began with 1066 and the battle of Hastings and was later promoted to Solon and Romulus and Remus. But this boy had Egypt and Babylonia and Assyria and the Minoans and the Hittites ahead before he came even to Solon. And when it came to geography or languages or the natural sciences there would be the same disproportion between his early studies and mine. In imagination I saw the young back bent low to shoulder the tremendous load. Surely, I thought to myself, this is not what Jesus had in mind when he said, "Unless ye become as little children. . . ."

What Jesus meant, I suppose, was that the road to the discerning of spiritual truth lay through a simplification of vision, disencumbered of much knowledge *about* this and that. The Greek prized intellectual curiosity: he was eager to observe, to experiment, to explore, "to develop the mind to greater scope and precision." Christianity said to the mind: Come home, come home to the centre. The Greek stood for knowledge by expansion, the Christian for knowledge through concentration.

* * *

Concentration as the way to wisdom is what the East has always known and practised. The West on the whole has chosen the ideal of expansion. Our outlines, our science and scholarship, the zeal for popular education, are simply phases in the working of that ideal. We distrust the methods of the East largely because we misunderstand them. The indifference of the East to science seems to us a symptom of intellectual lethargy. The West thinks that if a man is not working, working to make the most of his powers, working for society, working for progress, he must therefore be idling. It can imagine no alternative. It will have none of intuition, because intuition seems to it another name for mental dissolution ending in the formlessness of dream or trance. It can see no difference between concentration and relaxation, between becoming childlike and becoming childish. It forgets at what a cost that impassive and absorbed serenity on the features of the Buddha has been attained. Only sporadically, in some moods of surrender to the impulses of mysticism, has the West recognized and paid tribute to the way of concentration.

> Nor less I deem that there are powers
> Which of themselves our minds impress;
> That we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.
>
> Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things for ever speaking,
> That nothing of itself will come,
> But we must still be seeking?
>
> Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
> Conversing as I may,
> I sit upon this old gray stone,
> And dream my time away.

And after Wordsworth, Aldous Huxley: "There are quiet places also in the mind," he said meditatively. "But we build bandstands and factories on them. Deliberately—to put a stop to the quietness. We don't like the quietness. All the thoughts, all the preoccupations in my head—round and round continually." He made a circular motion with his hand. "And the jazz bands, the music hall songs, the boys shouting the news. What's it for, what's it all for? To put an end to the quiet, to break it up and disperse it, to pretend at any cost it isn't there. Ah, but it is, it is there, in spite of everything, at the back of everything. Lying awake at night, sometimes—not restlessly, but serenely, waiting for sleep—the quiet re-establishes itself, piece by piece; all the broken bits, all the fragments of it we've been so busily dispersing all day long. It re-establishes itself, an inward quiet, like this outward quiet of grass and trees. It fills one, it grows—a crystal quiet, a growing expanding crystal. It grows, it becomes more perfect; it is beautiful and terrifying, yes, terrifying as well as beautiful. For one's alone in the crystal and there's no support from outside, there's nothing external and important, nothing external and trivial to pull oneself up by or to stand on, superiorly, contemptuously, so that one can look down. There's nothing to laugh at or feel enthusiastic about. But the quiet grows and grows. Beautifully and unbearably. And at last you are conscious of something approaching; it is almost a faint sound of footsteps. Something inexpressibly lovely and wonderful advances through the crystal, nearer, nearer. And, oh, inexpressibly terrifying. For if it were to touch you, if it were to seize and engulf you, you'd die; all the regular, habitual, daily part of you would die. There would be an end of bandstands and whizzing factories, and one would have to begin living arduously in the quiet, arduously in some strange, unheard-of manner."

But in all this what solace or help is there for us who are bewildered by outlines or for the boy of eleven setting out on that interminable journey from Neolithic Man to the Conference of Versailles? Well, at least one may be brought back to a realization that there is another way of knowledge, not less difficult perhaps, but certainly more hopeful, so that even though we may never fill in our outlines we may yet win some insight that is worth having. And from whom shall we learn? From the poets and the musicians. We cannot ourselves write poetry or music but we can become receptive until in us there is evoked the mood or the vision. Nowadays a man of vision has come to mean some expert in city planning or the like who lays out the streets with a view to the estimated increase in population fifty years hence. But the only men of vision are the artists who give us not expanse but depth of knowledge. Imagination, penetration, insight, divination,—these are all the names for that other dimension of knowledge, familiar to the East, but which the restless, curious, industrious, and unsatisfied West denies or ignores. But poets and creative artists of all ages and all countries are at home in it. To them therefore we shall go, for in no other way shall we learn wisdom as distinct from knowledge. Mere accumulation of experience will not teach it. Kipling with all his cosmopolitan familiarity with mankind, for all his study of human motive, succeeds only in being *knowing*. By contrast with Kipling the Brontes lived the lives of the recluse, but to which will you turn if you seek an insight into human nature?

And so if I ever find that schoolboy appalled at the thought that while he has "done" Egypt, the Assyrians and the Babylonians, still lie in wait for him, I shall abide untroubled and bid him do the same. I shall feed his mind on music and poetry, urging him to be content to leave the Hittites a mere name. And when you and I, dear reader, are like to be made desperate at the idea of all the outlines we have failed to master let us eschew hysteria. Let us forget about the glands and the atoms and the reflexes. We shall heave Mr. Wells and Mr. Dorsey into the corner (temporarily, of course). We shall close our John B. Watson, we shall open our Wordsworth.

Modern Political Theory

CONTEMPORARY POLITICAL THOUGHT IN ENGLAND. By Lewis Rockow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $5.25.

Reviewed by W. Y. Elliott
Harvard University

OF compendious digests there is no end; of really competent critical expositions, however, there is hardly a beginning—so far, at least, as modern political theory is concerned. On the whole, in spite of its classification into "typical" political categories, Mr. Rockow's summary of contemporary English political thought falls clearly in the latter class. His *parti pris* is evidently that of the London School of political philosophers and social psychologists represented by H. J. Laski, Graham Wallas, L. T. Hobhouse, and to some degree by the Webbs and by H. G. Wells. He renders them proper thanks, but a not too slavish discipleship.

There are at least two profitable ways of bringing together the political ideas of a widely divergent group of thinkers. One is to study them in relation to a common set of tendencies and problems. The other is to catalogue them into classifications, as Mr. Rockow has done. The dangers of a Procrustean attitude are sufficiently great in either method, but the former ought, at least, to issue in a more coherent treatment of political development, and to avoid the unnecessary repetitions involved in treating each "type" separately. The categorical method followed by Mr. Rockow results in a very confusing juxtaposition of political thought upon several planes without any serious attempt either to connect these planes or to separate them. For instance, the metaphysical speculations of Idealism, (for which Jones and Watson are oddly made the spokesmen, instead of Bradley and Bosanquet) are put alongside the concrete administrative proposals

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for a socialistic British constitution that come from Sydney and Beatrice Webb—more of what *Punch* used to call "Sydney Webbicalism."

The survey of English political thought dished up in this competently methodical but somewhat tiresome fashion does leave one, none the less, with a very strong feeling that the real protagonists behind the wide variety of opinions urged upon us are our old acquaintances, tough British Individualism, trying to come to the best terms he can make with a Collectivism who is growing burlier and more powerful with every new step taken to keep the tight little island afloat in a sea of powerful industrial competition. Whether it is pluralism or individualism speaking, the cry is one of anguish against the regimentation of the state. It comes from both sides of the party camps, and is opposed on either side of the same lines by the onslaughts of the Hegelian rearguard, as well as by the organic types of socialism and communism—crying with one voice for a more complete merging of the individual in a functionalized state. British practice, as well as the dominant note of British theory, is perhaps best represented by what Mr. Rockow calls "the theory of compromise," whose typical exponents he quite rightly finds in L. T. Hobhouse and the late Lord Bryce.

Hardly any one of importance is left out of this survey except figures like Ernest Barker and A. D. Lindsay, the present Master of Balliol. They are not so easy to classify and catalogue, and they are not to be measured for their importance in terms of mere bulk of production. Yet given the aristocratic tradition of British letters, happily not yet entirely extinct, the influence of these two writers is out of all proportion to the bulk of their contribution. Mr. Rockow has seen fit to consider only those authors who have got themselves between the stiff covers of many books, and without much discrimination in his scheme of inclusion at that. This scheme has eliminated any consideration of essays of the first importance to the development of theory, like, E. G. Barker's remarkable little classic, "The Discredited State," that appeared in the old *Political Quarterly,* or Lindsay's equally classic statement on "Sovereignty" in the Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society for 1924.

To make sure of "putting it all in" there are concluding chapters on "The State in Literature," in which Shaw is taken at an almost Shavian estimate as the Colossus of the drama, and Galsworthy, Wells, and Arnold Bennett speak for the novelists through the curious method of simply giving a *résumé* of the plots of the "Forsyte Saga," of "Tono-Bungay," and of the "Clayhanger" trilogy. A casual vision into the future, oracular at least in its brevity and in the generalized terms of its prophecy, gives the future to the radicals: to Norman Angell, G. O. H. Cole, H. J. Laski, the Webbs, Graham Wallas, and their colleagues. Apparently the specter of an anti-democratic Fascism which would considerably simplify the endless machinery these gentlemen think necessary to the state does not loom even upon the horizon of English thought—and one may be glad. But the simpler ideas of the Tories, so long as British Labor insists on its present war to the death attitude, will continue to govern England and to adapt such radical ideas as it finds useful—for much longer, probably, than Mr. Rockow's Labor bias reckons. England, like the rest of the world, will have to stick to simplicity in the matter of democratic control, even though she may increase the functions of administrative and advisory experts.

It is perhaps asking too much of what is obviously intended to be only a useful survey of a wide field that it should maintain any distinction of style—at least in these degenerate days when the vast bulk of data so oppresses the scholar that he writes under the awful shadow of Ph.D. tradition. Like his master, Mr. Laski, our author has started out with the fine flourishes of window dressing; alack, how soon he goes through the motions in the familiar, jaded, "thesis" pace.

"A. A. Milne," says *Book Notes,* "has complained of the meagre fees offered by radio concerns to authors whose works they want to broadcast. In this, the radio people are following a familiar precedent which insists that an artist or a writer ought to work for nothing or for very little, if the 'cause' is good—for instance, if children like to listen to him over the wireless, or if the interests of charities, or of patriotism, or of virtue demand concessions.

"Seeing" Psychology

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOLOGY. By C. K. Ogden. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by E. R. Guthrie

PROFESSOR OGDEN is a psychologist with an odd turn of mind which has led him to read what other psychologists write, instead of confining himself to his own works or those of his friends. It is true that a few other psychologists could be found with this same bent, but in Ogden it is coupled with a taste for reading in order to understand, not in order to attack or to exhibit an easy familiarity. His astonishing acquaintance with what European and American psychologists are doing may be the result of editing much psychological writing, or his editorial work may have started in his bent for writing. Some explanation is needed because the reviewer has noticed that American psychological journals in English libraries tend to retain uncut leaves and a virginal whiteness of page. In any case Professor Ogden is exactly the man for his book, which is an account of the present state of psychology. It is an added virtue that this is accomplished in a volume of three hundred and twelve pages.

Most American writers in psychology are engaged in teaching undergraduates in classes of from fifty to eight hundred. The interests of most of these undergraduates are not in books. If a teacher-author includes a difficult matter in his text he may be compelled to explain it orally to several hundred individuals yearly for a term of years, or be confronted with the muddle in five hundred examination papers. The safe course in writing a book, and a course often followed, is to stick to one theory and avoid mention of others, to slur over difficulties, and to conceal the weak points of the science. Ogden, writing for a mature and well informed public, has done none of these things. He faces difficulties cheerfully, and has a gift for reducing them with clear common sense. His chapter on the mind-body problem is brief, clear, and satisfactory.

Illustration for Washington Irving's "A History of New York . . . by Diedrich Knickerbocker," New York, 1812, engraved by Kniess after a drawing by Strickland. From "The Pageant of America" (Yale University Press).

He has also a gift for sifting out important contributions from idiosyncrasies of method. His account of behaviorism is one of the first foreign accounts of this American movement to show some sympathy and understanding. He agrees that behaviorism is an indispensable method in psychology, but holds that it is not the only useful method. Most "behaviorists" would agree with him. Ogden is also enthusiastic over the contributions to psychology of the psychoanalytic writers, but a severe critic of their mythological explanations. "If we realize," he says, "from the outset that incidents of our past constantly and continuously affect our present behavior without our having any consciousness of them we shall be spared much bewilderment when we come to consider what the *unconscious* may be and how to conceive it."

Bewilderment over Freudian theory is not the only bewilderment that Ogden spares his readers. His bias against mysticism leads him to attack academic psychologists as well. Professor Stout, having been struck with the fact that intelligence anticipates the future, expresses his awe, somewhat sonorously, as follows: "such a power can in the last resources only be accounted for as involved in the fundamental nature of that relation between mind and reality, or between reality and mind, which we call knowledge." Ogden's comment is that "this is giving up the problem in the grand style." Professor McDougall comes in for his share. He too has invoked mystery by assuming a "psychical guidance of the neural impulse," "a directive power of psychical energy or 'mind' working in some way that we cannot at all conceive." Ogden's preference is for explanations which are workable conceptions rather than inconceivable mysteries. Ogden's citation of Giard's recent (unpublished) demonstration that "the broody hen sits on her eggs not through any passion of maternal love, but to allay a local inflammation; and a capon suitably irritated with pepper can be turned into a most devoted foster-mother," tempts the reviewer to offer a quotation from McDougall's "Outline of Psychology": "The yap," says Professor McDougall, "which a dog utters when he starts a rabbit or other prey, was designed by Nature to bring his fellows to his aid; it is one of the keys of the hunting instinct." Professor Ogden is more interested in the question how yaps work than he is in the question what Nature's reasoning was in making yaps.

The author's taste for workable explanations leads him through two excellent chapters on the nervous system and the connection between the brain and action and thinking, to one of the best accounts of learning and habit formation that is in print. He includes a very enlightening account of Köhler's work with apes. His own special interest is in the psychology of language, and his most original passages concern language as an instrument of thought and social action.

The reader will find himself in a "seeing psychology bus" with a charming and scholarly conductor.

Lively Years

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS. 1568-1605. Second Series. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Translated by L. S. R. Byrne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by Frederick Marcham
Cornell University

TO make his second series of News-Letters Mr. von Klarwill has searched through the vast store of Fugger documents at Vienna for items concerning Queen Elizabeth and English affairs during the years 1568-1605. There can be few more interesting combinations of subject and period round which to build a collection of this kind, for these years are among the most lively and important in the whole range of English history; within their boundaries England rose to greatness among the nations of Europe, the Armada was defeated, and the men of Shakespeare's generation grew from childhood to maturity. Moreover, so much has been written of the period at second hand that any contemporary account might be expected to provide good reading.

It is likely that there would have been a surfeit of good reading in this collection if the editor had been able to follow the plan of his first volume and bring together news-letters relating to all branches of national life, political, social, and religious. But with England instead of all Europe as his field, he was forced to adjust his selection more closely to the ordinary ratio of news and to give to political affairs an overwhelming predominance. Here the record is of wars and rumors of war, of voyages made and cargoes captured; with only an occasional reference to the ravages of the plague in London or the fortunes of a Scotch Alchemist at the Courts of Europe. The emphasis on politics will seem reasonable enough if we remember that the letter writers were agents of a large international business house which, like any modern trading corporation, had a personal interest in the maintenance of peace and prosperity. These men were inspired by sound business motives when they ended their letters with the prayer, "May God Almighty grant that all may

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turn to the weal of Christendom, to peace, and to unity."

The letter writers had no specially authentic knowledge of Elizabethan politics. Looking out from their office windows in Antwerp, Venice, or Middleburg, they learnt no more of English affairs than the ordinary trader; sometimes there is a flash of first hand information, as in the letter headed "Hans Limburger sees Armada at Sea," but usually they had to make up their news from travelers' tales and letters which had reached them from England. And there is the same warmed-up flavor in the few letters from the London agent; he seems to be relaying the gossip of the market place. For this reason the story of Elizabethan politics as they tell it is familiar in its main details. Most attention is directed to the hot and cold policy of Elizabeth herself, next comes the Spanish Colossus, and then Drake and those other noble pirates who plied their trade along the highways of the Atlantic. Nothing new is added in retelling the story.

As a method of presentation the letters serve admirably to convey certain qualities of life and movement which are beyond the scope of the best historical narrative. They preserve the air of uncertainty that beclouds political developments even in this modern age of radio and telegraphic news service. Where the history book, with well ordered footnotes, tells us that Elizabeth did this or that and assigns good reasons for her action, the Fugger correspondents are less sure. They approach the truth by easy stages: a rumor of the Queen's intentions, a report of something that seems to confirm the rumor, then a hasty word of the event itself, and finally the full account. The letters also show that what was accepted for the truth in one place was often denied in another; the truth can be seen gradually spreading abroad and leavening the common stock of information. But the method of presentation will not delight the reader for long and he will probably grow impatient of it after waiting from Letter 227 to 300 for some definite news of the Armada.

History or Propaganda

CONGRESS, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT. By CHARLES WARREN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES G. HAINES
University of California

FOR some years there have been misgivings that all has not been going well with the administration of justice by the courts, particularly so far as the laws of social and industrial relations go. It has seemed that such laws were rendered of no effect too frequently and that something must be done to keep courts and judges within their proper bounds. National campaigns have been waged to restore to the people some of their lost privileges and millions of voters have, at various times, protested through the ballot. And, through every avenue of publicity the charge has been reiterated that "government by judges," had been carried to limits that could no longer be tolerated. Hence various devices to hold justices in check have received popular sanction, such as the recall of judges, the placing of authority to reverse judicial decisions on constitutional questions in legislative bodies, the requirement of an extraordinary majority to invalidate legislative acts, and the appeal to secure relief through self-denying ordinances.

According to Mr. Warren, so far as the relations of Congress, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution are concerned, all of the evidences of discontent have been merely "much ado about nothing." Labor leaders, social reformers, and critics of the Supreme Court, we are informed, have been sadly ignorant of history. They have garbled the facts, or formed judgments contrary to the facts, and, without being aware of it, have been assaulting their only fortress of protection.

It is quite unnecessary to expose in detail the omissions, misrepresentations, and the obviously controversial phases of the volume. Those steeped in the traditions and legal fictions of Hamiltonian Federalism, who see nothing but ruin and chaos in any other mode of thinking, will join in the chorus that once again the foes of the Union and of the Constitution have been routed. Likewise, those among the legal guild whom Sir William Erle characterized as "so immersed in a world of words, that they have lost the sense of the true and the false—*i. e.* the real and the unreal," will join in the pæans of approval. And others no doubt who are wont to call on the courts for the protection of special interests or who are fearful of the dangers which lurk in the rule of "overbearing majorities" will, on reading this volume, find comfort in the reflection that the "Ship of State" is safer if its course is steered through dangerous seas by conservative judges rather than by conservative or reactionary congressmen.

* * *

A few of the misleading impressions which the book gives deserve brief comment. Though it is admitted that the Constitution, as originally drafted, was the work of the conservative groups, the Bill of Rights, the author claims, was the work of the radicals and served to inject, according to Hamilton's version, a little "democratic sauce" into the instrument as a whole. It is true that the American federal government was christened wtih the fervor of what Fisher Ames called a rare combination of "the lovers of liberty and of the owners of property." But there is a failure to indicate that in decisions of the federal courts the lovers of liberty have, on various occasions, not fared so well as the owners of property in the protection accorded by the courts under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Not long after the Constitution was adopted the Federalists attempted to restrict the liberty of speech and of the press and it was not the courts that gave the radicals protection but public opinion and the Democratic-Republican party through its leader, Thomas Jefferson. So on subsequent occasions when the pressure of extraordinary circumstances has led Congress to curtail individual liberties, the courts have with few exceptions joined with the other agencies of government in restricting individual rights. But it did not accord with the author's thesis to deal with what eminent members of the American bar called the "lawless enforcement of the law" by federal justices, prosecutors, and executive officers during and since the Great War in defiance of all Bills of Rights.

The people, Mr. Warren thinks, simply have wrong ideas. There is no such thing as "government by judges," "judicial supremacy," "nullifying of legislative acts," or "judicial veto." The rights of Richard Roe and John Doe merely have been defined in a mechanical fashion and as a part of the refuse some legislative acts are in the political trash heap.

* * *

Here is a naïve type of thinking that would scarcely be worthy of consideration were it not that the unwary are thereby sometimes led astray. There may have been some excuse for the fostering of a fiction so contrary to the facts when laws were regarded as found not made, when American legal development was in its primitive stages, and when legal science and legal philosophy were not within the ken either of judges or of practitioners. In the light of modern knowledge of the law and of legal theories it is inexcusable for any one to reiterate a fiction so uterly at variance with the truth. It may be soothing to the judicial conscience to clothe what justices are doing in the mild language of a fiction but who for a moment doubts that the decision of the Supreme Court "vetoed" or "nullified" or "invalidated" the minimum wage law enacted by Congress for the District of Columbia?

Undue emphasis is given to the arguments and opinions in Congress during the first seventy years after 1789, when only one act of Congress of any consequence was held void, in comparison with the discussions of the last thirty years when most of the decisions were rendered to which strenuous objections have been raised. Only a few cases are found in which the Supreme Court has stood in the breach as against Congress to protect personal and individual rights. And, some of these, it might have been pointed out, border on the line of interpretation which Justice Holmes thought was designed to aid criminals to escape just punishment. Apparently the author has stretched every point to marshall facts in support of the review of Congressional acts by the Supreme Court and presents his data to the public in the guise of a fair-minded presentation of historical evidence. Despite the polemic character of the volume defenders and critics of the present tendencies in the application of the American doctrine of judicial review of legislative acts may find therein a compendium of opinions which can not be readily secured elsewhere.

A Historic Work

POLITICAL JUSTICE. Edited and Abridged by R. A. PRESTON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. 2 vols. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI
Author of "A Grammar of Politics"

TO reprint this historic work, even in an incomplete form, is a very considerable service to political science. Even after one hundred and thirty years, this too-neglected classic is a pungent and effective argument. Over-elaborate in form, too rigorously intellectualist for the modern temper, sacrificing the nature of man on the altar of formal logic, it is yet an important and arresting treatise. Nowhere is the case for individualism so eloquently stated. Nowhere are the sins of governments more effectively analyzed. The case for philosophic anarchy is, at least in practical life, an impossible one. But it contains certain hard and undeniable truths which are too easily forgotten in a world where there is real danger lest we lose something of that quality of life which made every Greek regard his citizenship as the duty of ruling not less than of being ruled.

Godwin has suffered much from the rightly greater fame of his contemporaries and his disciples, and it is more than time that we had a really adequate study of his teachings and character. Beyond the brilliant essay in defence by Hazlett, and in opposition by de Quincey, modern criticism has done nothing on a scale worthy of the subject. Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Brailsford have both done him brief justice; and Mr. Ford Browne has recently published a biographical study of his work which is in the best tradition of American scholarship. Yet it may be ventured with respect that he is still too much discussed either from the angle of his personal failings as a man, or of his influence upon his son-in-law, Shelley. He requires rather to be studied as a body of ideas representing the impact of the French temper upon an English political philosophy which since Locke, and with the immortal exception of Burke had been uncredibly sterile and pointless. One wants to know exactly the influence upon him of Burke, of Holbach, of Helvétius, and of Mably. One wants to know why he has an almost unlimited reverence for Rousseau, who is the author of that romantic emotionalism against which he so sternly set his face. One would like a detailed account of the influence he asserted upon later thinkers. It is clear that he influenced Robert Owen; and certain chapters of his book make it, I think, tolerably certain that he impressed John Stuart Mill. A later generation, of course, found his apriorisms intolerable. Yet they are still to be reckoned with, and it is even now impossible to read his pages without the sense of feeling that glow they originally aroused.

Mr. Preston has done his work of abridgment well; and I have only found one or two trifling omissions that I regret. His introduction, I fear, is worthy neither of his theme nor of his knowledge. Part of it the reader already encounters in Professor Rogers's preface. The rest merely insists upon the obvious facts about Godwin which are known to Macaulay's schoolboy. It is a pity that greater pains were not taken to produce an essay less commonplace in character.

Professor Rogers will render a great service if he extends this series to books which the scholar now finds it difficult to acquire. I would like to suggest to him the value of Bentham's "Book of Fallacies" and his "Constitutional Code," of a volume of tracts by the Levelers and Agrarian Communists of the seventeenth century, and of some of the answers called forth by Rousseau in his lifetime. Every teacher of political science will pray for the success of his admirable enterprise.

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of LITERATURE

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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P's and Q's

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE. By H. W. Fowler. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by George Philip Krapp
Columbia University

THIS admirable book reveals on every page the evidences of long and patient reading, reflection, and collecting. It is the first serious effort of this kind to be published in English, serious in the sense of being thorough. But it is not a heavy or dull book, and though it is called a dictionary, it is so mainly in the respect that the materials in it are arranged in alphabetic dictionary order. Many of the entries, however, are really little essays, and the fabled reader who read the dictionary through and found it interesting though a little disconnected would have discovered here a dictionary which is both interesting and connected.

The purpose of the compiler of this "Dictionary of English Usage" has been to bring together instances of those moments in the life of the English language at which the cultivated speaker or writer may feel, or should feel, doubt or hesitation in the practical application of the language. He has not been concerned with outright illiteracies, with the crude errors of syntax, pronunciation, and vocabulary of the uneducated person. But an examination of the contents of the book shows that even the speaker and writer of not a little experience in the command of English has his moments of difficulty. It is, of course, easy for the critic to multiply difficulties and to find them in theory where in practice none exist. The task which Mr. Fowler has set for himself is one that demands common-sense and wisdom, and it must be said that he has amply illustrated the possession of these two virtues. As one would expect from Mr. Fowler's earlier publications, especially "The King's English" and "The Pocket Oxford Dictionary," the book always departs from a definitely British point of view. On the whole, however, the exclusively British attitude reveals itself but rarely, which means that the problems which confront a speaker or writer of English in England are in the main the same as those which confront a speaker or writer of English in America. Perhaps we in America are a little inclined to think that we are free and independent agents and that we can treat our own limited branch of the English language as we feel inclined. Perhaps we can, but it does not follow that we do all the things we have the right or the power to do, and one of the interesting consequences of the reading of Mr. Fowler's book is the confirming of the impression probably already present in the minds of most observant persons, that the cultivated language of England and America, in spirit and also very largely in form, is essentially the same.

* * *

It will not be expected that a book of this kind should be exhaustive. One man's difficulties are not always the same as another's, and an exhaustive collection of all the possibilities of error or of uncertainty in the use of the language could not be made. Under a, an, for example, Mr. Fowler discusses such questions as *a* or *an historical work*, idioms like *a few, a great many*, such artificialities as *a so resolute attempt*, and others; but one misses constructions like *What kind of a hat do you want?* which many critics of speech consider to be incorrect for *What kind of hat do you want?*; the archaic and colloquial *to go a-fishing, Daddy's gone a-hunting*; the use of *a* with proper names, like *a Mr. Clark*, which speakers sometimes use apparently without realizing that the phrase often conveys connotations of contempt or indifference; the question of *twice a day* as against *twice aday*, and of *five cents a copy* as against *five cents the copy*. But perhaps these missing instances did not present themselves to Mr. Fowler as occasions of uneasiness or variability in the practice of cultivated English, and certainly it is true that in the end every man must make his own dictionary of usage. Anyone who wishes to do this will find in Mr. Fowler's book an excellent foundation upon which to build his private structure.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Fowler's book are those the titles of which he has gathered together under the head List of General Articles. Some of these are learned articles, like the discussion of the suffix—*able*,—*ible*, of—*ic*,—*ical*, of subjunctives, and others, but some are also both learned and amusing. Who could resist looking up such titles as Anti-Saxonism, Avoidance of the Obvious, Battered ornaments, Cast-iron idiom, Cannibalism, Elegant variation, Grand compounds, Legerdermain with two senses, Love of the long word, Out of the frying pan, Pairs and snares, Pedantic humor, Stock pathos, Word patronage, Working and Stylish words, to pick out only a few among many, alluring headings. It is scarcely fair, however, merely to give Mr. Fowler's titles, and as an example of what Mr. Fowler does with his topics, a few sentences from the article Battered ornaments may be quoted: "On this rubbish-heap are thrown, usually by a bare cross-reference, such synonyms of the *Elegant variation* kind as *alma mater, daughter of Eve, sleep of the just* and *brother of the angel*; such metonymies as the *buskin* or *cothurnus*, and *the sock* for tragedy and comedy; such jocular archaisms as *consumedly* and *vastly*; such foreign scraps as *dolce far niente, gang agley*, and *cui bono?*; such old phrases as *in durance vile* and *who was destined to be*; such adaptable frames as *where —s most do congregate* and *on—intent*; and such quotations customarily said with a wink or written instead of one as *Tell it not in Goth* or *balm in Gilead*." This is manifestly a large subject, in the end a question of style in language, and Mr. Fowler's cross-references lead the reader to such further topics as Facetious formations, Hackneyed phrases, Incongruous vocabulary, Irrelevant allusion, Mannerisms, Novelese, Vogue words, Wardour Street, Wornout Humor, and along other fascinating by-paths. Under these many different heads, the reader will find the same discriminating collection of pertinent examples, the same feeling for the delicate shadings of English expression, which will prove, if any proof is required, that the maker of dictionaries is not necessarily a pedant and merely a mechanical collector. Mr. Fowler has not only learning, but also opinions, and what his opinions are he never hesitates to say in very positive and unmistakable terms. The reader who seeks only information will find a great deal of it in this book, and the reader who is looking for a guide who will tell him what he ought to do will likewise not seek here in vain.

Life, Suave and in the Raw

A CASUAL COMMENTARY. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTE BOOK. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

WHATEVER relation Miss Macaulay may be to Thomas Babington, life to her means no more a dim and baffling problem than it meant to the great panegyrist of Whiggism. It means the incidental relations to an ordered society of people in the upper strata of that society. Her essays on the "Problems of Life" have to do with the various aspects of various professions—that doctors are to be suspected; that journalism is a great profession and largely humbug; that a writer's life "is not all jam;" that the problem of reading is how much one can manage to avoid; that the problems of married life are greatly diminished if one does not think much about them; that the problems of a woman's life, since she acquired a latch key and hot water from a faucet are probably less difficult than in darker ages when plumbing was not and feminism unheard of. The essay on "The Sancitity of the Home" is concerned with objections to flats and telephones; on "Truth" with the embarrassments of undifferentiated candor; on religion with the social and æsthetic pros and cons of Anglicans, Catholics, Presbyterians, Jews, Quakers, and Plymouth Brethern. It is all delightfully and impeccably written. It is not only witty but most of it sensible. It is not only humorous but most of it is good humored. In fact it is adequate, if those things are what one means by "truth," by "religion," by "life."

But if one has been reading such a book as "Sherwood Anderson's Note Book" at the same time, it presently comes to seem quite distinctly curious that one should have arrived at that habitual outlook. Just as after reading Tolstoy and Dostoievesky one comes back to reading Thackeray and Trollope with a sense of their odd isolation.

Like a Greek of the fourth century or a Frenchman of the eighteenth, a good English writer can work within a tradition, with mastery of the materials inside its range, and with the ease and grace of that mastery. It is like cultivating a long cultivated garden. Miss Macaulay's thinking and writing are an integral part of the tradition of Addison and Lamb, of Jane Austen and Thackeray.

But Mr. Anderson's thinking and writing is more like driving a heavy plough through obstinate subsoils and tenacious clays. It is breaking ground in the open prairie. His literary forebears are perhaps the Russians, if any are assignable. He is a product of the Middle West, where society is in the process of forming, of finding itself. His experience has been hard and varied, life in the rough and raw, the seamy and the grim, the uprooted and unsettled. Literary success has brought other contacts; but still that kind of experience, that kind of contact with people, seems to him to have in it the most of the substance of life and the essentials of humanity, which seems to the sophisticated crude, and perhaps coarse. These successive semi-autobiographical books of his remind one of the autobiographies of Gorky, Tolstoy, and Herzen.

* * *

English autobiography is nearly always dressed to receive company. In its extremes, as in autobiographies of Lord Morley and Lord Grey, the private and personal life is almost wholly omitted. One does not care to throw stones at "good taste" even when good taste seems to have been made a deity of—Allah il Allah—and bowed down to rather subserviently; it is a matter of personal choice; but one may go so far as to say this, that you cannot portray all that life has really meant to you and at the same time maintain a "gentlemanly reserve." It is not a question of coarseness. It is a question of throwing the door wide open or only half way, of locking or not locking up in closets everything that gossipy neighbors might gossip about. St. Augustine cared no more for "gentlemanly reserve" than does Gorky or Mr. Anderson. He poured out his soul. Whatever he felt, that is what he said. Rousseau did not succeed in painting himself truly by putting in a few salacious and discreditable details. That was a very minor matter. He was too morbidly complex even to visualize himself, and had much more variety than veracity. It is not a question of discreditable details. Boswell succeeded in painting Johnson truly, not because he quoted this or that rudeness, or Johnson's remarks that he was not fond of clean linen, or described Johnson's jerky motions, or chronicled some queer superstition; but if he had been afraid of such things, afraid they were not in "good taste," he would not have succeeded at all. Macaulay thought Boswell succeeded because he was an ass, and Carlyle thought it was because Boswell reverenced great men. It would be better to say that he succeeded, in the peculiar way that he did, for two reasons; first, because he was a natural writer, a born biographer; and second, because "gentlemanly reserve" was left out of him.

* * *

To be clever is not necessarily to be trival. Shakespeare was clever, as well as many other things. Frenchmen are usually clever, even when they are profound. But cleverness is apt to be one of the flowers of an old civilization, where many write well who have nothing very intensely felt which they are willing to say; where ideas are numerous and language is facile; where digging in the subsoils of life is not good form, and originally lies in ingenious manœuvering within conventional lines; where cleanliness, maid servants, and a veil of reserve over raw passions are assumed. I am not saying that all these things may not make good literature—if not the best, at least next to the best—or that reserve or "good manners" in literature has not its own value, its own philosophy and defense. But that philosophy is not the only point of view. If anyone after reading one of Mr. Anderson's novels denounces him as "a dirty fellow," he is saying what his forebears of similar prepossessions said about Tolstoy and Whitman; and he has, as they had, a perfect right to his tastes. But as a judgment it is flatly mistaken, as was theirs. These are writers who take life and their rendering of it with intense seriousness. They are no more pornographic than Jane Austen or Alfred Tennyson. One might as well apply those adjectives of abhorrence to the Book of Genesis on account of certain anecdotes of the patriarchs. It is following the footsteps of our curious stage censors who pass by, tolerant if not amused, a street full of Broadway

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shows that have no motive at all except sensual excitement, and become shocked and prohibitory over a witty sermonizing play by Shaw, or a sad-eyed brooding play by O'Neill; they have a right to their preferences, and there is something to be said for those preferences, but they have no right to set those fallible preferences masquerading as the thunders of Sinai.

To return to the two volumes before us, Miss Macaulay writes cleverly of the incidents of society. Hers is the comedy of manners. She is worth reading because her good sense is entertaining, and her irony though caustic makes us more or less happy. One is "shocked" no more than is pleasant. Mr. Anderson knows nothing of the comedy of manners. He gives you what he has seen and felt. He is worth reading because he is, or seems to be, one of the significant men of his generation. There is solid artistry in him, but it is a technique which he has mainly worked out for himself. His irony is heavy but it draws blood, and those who are "shocked" by him become personally resentful.

An Outlaw Supreme

THE RISE AND FALL OF JESSE JAMES. By ROBERTUS LOVE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.75.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY
Author of "Beggars of Life"

THIS is the first authentic history of Jesse James and the Missouri outlaws. The author, Robertus Love, is said to be a St. Louis newspaperman. If this be true, he learned to write under a slipshod editor. His material is epic, his manner of handling is insignificant. His sense of drama is drowned in verbosity. Given the mightiest outlaw of a mighty law-defying period, he falls short of the work done by another newspaperman, Walter Noble Burns, who has just published "The Saga of Billy the Kid." This is the tale of the snag-toothed twenty-one-year-old outlaw who killed twenty-one men before the night he was shot.

However, Love's book is important. His material outweighs his manner. The author claims that his book is not written for moralists, and yet, instead of telling a straightway story and allowing the reader to draw his own conclusions, he burdens his book with disguised preachments. That Jesse James came of "good stock"—and was a Baptist—is of more importance if it is woven carefully into the story. As one who has observed the workings of environment and heredity I am rather weary of writers who deal in time-worn adjectives which seek to prove that certain characters come from better stock than others. In this respect many critics are as guilty as Mr. James. That Jesse James always had murder in his heart is evident. As one who reads his history I am not horrified. I am merely horrified at the attitude taken by an author who dedicates a book to H. L. Mencken who calls him "The Jesse James of American Letters."

After the dedication Mr. Love says that Jesse James was no greater outlaw than Frank James. He had the luck of having a name as unforgettable as the hiss of a bullet. Did Mr. Love intend to pay Mr. Mencken a left-handed compliment?

As a matter of fact, Jesse James, in spite of his name, was an infinitely greater man than Frank James in his chosen profession. Jesse had daring and initiative. He was resourceful, cunning, brutal, and relentless. Mr. Love unconsciously proves him a greater man than Frank, in spite of himself. After a bullet had crashed through the brain of Jesse James, his elder brother gave himself up. He settled down to peaceful pursuits and became a doorkeeper at a St. Louis theatre. Imagine the blunt-chinned Jesse sinking so low. Frank James, the eagle-faced, who had ridden under the stars with his mightier brother, became the obsequious opener of doors for traveling salesmen and other St. Louis gentry.

Mr. Love, writing a book. "not for moralists" tells his reader that "philandering was not in the code of either Frank or Jesse. The fact is that there is no record of even a suspicion against them in this respect." I dare not doubt such an assertion for fear of offending the descendants of clean-minded men. This book is interesting as a study of the minds and social outlook of middle class America, in the person of its author, as well as a history of Jesse James. We hear from Mr. Love that Jesse James "Believed himself an immortal being and he was not afraid to die."

There were fine writers on Missouri newspapers in 1882. The report of the great outlaw's death under the caption "Goodbye, Jesse!" is evidence of that. There are several pages of the report. Jesse was shot by Bob Ford, a traitor. The unknown reporter was a master of the written word—he handled pathos with the sure touch of genius, he knew drama. Jesse, hanging a picture of his favorite horse, had been shot from behind. But let the unknown reporter tell:

> There was no outcry—just a swaying of the body and it fell heavily backward upon the carpet of the floor. The shot had been fatal, and all the bullets in the chambers of Charlie's revolver, still directed at Jesse's head, could not more effectually have decided the fate of the greatest bandit and freebooter that ever figured in the pages of a country's history.
>
> The ball had entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead, over the left eye. It had been fired out of a Colt's .45, improved pattern, silver-mounted and pearl-handled pistol, presented by the dead man to his slayer only a few days ago.
>
> Mrs. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, separated from the room in which the bloody tragedy occurred by the dining room. She heard the shot, and dropping her household duties ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying extended on his back, his slayers, each holding his revolver in his hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert had reached the enclosure and was in the act of scaling it when she stepped to the door and called to him:
>
> "Robert, you have done this! Come back!"
>
> Robert answered, "I swear to God I didn't!"
>
> They then returned to where she stood. Mrs. James ran to the side of her husband and lifted up his head. Life was not yet extinct, and when she asked him if he was hurt, it seemed to her that he wanted to say something but could not. She tried to wash the blood away that was coursing over his face from the hole in his forehead, but it seemed to her that the blood would come faster than she could wipe it away, and in her hands Jesse James died. . . .

All in all, and in spite of all, this book is a scattered but a fine achievement.

Distinctive Work

NOBODADDY. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Cambridge: Dunster House. 1926. $6.00.

THE POT OF EARTH. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.25.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Author of "Tiger Joy"

WITH these two books Mr. MacLeish assures himself a definite and individual position in modern American poetry. His verbal felicity has always been noteworthy and the tough, defiant substance of his thought both independent and bold, but "The Pot of Earth," in particular, displays a more conscious and adept mastery over form and an ability for sustained flight which give promise of highly distinguished and original achievement for the future.

To turn to present achievement—"Nobodaddy," a three act play in blank verse sometimes adorned with certain end-bells of rhyme, though published a year later than "The Pot of Earth" was written before it. It deals with legendary Eden, before and after the Fall, but the author, in a foreword, expressly disclaims any attempt to reinterpret the Biblical legend in terms of metaphor of primitive man's experience of Nature.

Leaving aside any question of its possibilities as an actable play—and to your reviewer it seems as little adapted to the actual mold of the theatre as "Manfred" or "Cain"—"Nobodaddy," in spite of its cosmic machinery, is smaller and less successful than "The Pot of Earth." There is beauty in it, but it is a perishable beauty—the arrow strikes, but not quite at the center of the target, nor with sufficient keenness to break the mind with a new sorrow or a new joy. Perhaps a quotation will serve to illustrate its merits and its defects.

Adama (*The Voice seems to speak from his mouth*)
I am a god.
I say I am a god. And I shall build
A world above this hollow world that holds
Under its bubble Eden that will rise
Beyond this like a cloud and vault its skies
Over his heaven where at night he folds
The dark around him and the winds lie stilled.
I shall build up a world that will enclose
His world within it as the curving leaves
Of lilies hold a rain drop, and I'll set
Such stars above his stars you will forget
There was a star in heaven till the bright sheaves
Of mine were gathered in the field that grows
East of the evening.

This is not the best individual passage in the book but it is fairly characteristic of the poem as a whole. The verse is lovely, melodious, and deft—it might distinguish a volume by a minor poet—but Mr. MacLeish's native abilities are not minor, if they have not yet attained their fullest expression—and it is for this reason that I quarrel with that passage and with 'Nobodaddy." When his hammer strikes as in Cain's cry before the murder of Abel

> Oh, let me go. Oh, sever this thick vein
> That binds me to the body of the earth
> That cannot feed me now, and let me go

I recognize the shadow of that lightning-flash which is Tragedy, but through the greater part of the poem, the lightning glitters but fitfully and the beauty is too composed to leave more than a musical echo in the mind.

"The Pot of Earth" is far superior, both in conception and execution. In this poem of 45 pages, with its symbolic foundation upon the ceremony of the sowing, tending, and withering of the so-called gardens of Adonis, with its limpid music and its curiously successful blending of assonance, free-verse, blank-verse, and rhyme, Mr. MacLeish seems, to have been somewhat influenced, though not overpowered, by Mr. T. S. Eliot, especially by Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." But it is more a likeness than an influence, even in such cadences as

> We are having a late spring, we are having
> The snow in April, the grass heaving
> Under the wet snow, the grass
> Burdened, etc.

and does not detract from the fluid, water-sounding magic of "The Pot of Earth." Of the poem's symbolic content, I do not intend to speak, because any man can twist another man's symbols to answer something in his own mind—I have done so, no doubt, with this poem, in a way that satisfies me—another reader may do so in a way that satisfies him—and both our conceptions differ somewhat from Mr. MacLeish's. But the poem itself remains, with its interweaving harmonies—whether you call it the adventure of a girl, who marries and gives birth, and ends—or the springtime awakening of Nature and the human soul—or the sprouting of dead corn in a shallow pot under the bubbling rains of a carrion spring—and I would rather assert the beauty in such passages as the following than attempt to parse their bones.

> The flowers of the sea are brief,
> Lost flowers of the sea,
> Salt petal, bitter leaf,
> The fruitless tree—
>
> The flowers of the sea are blown
> Dead, they blossom in death:
> The sea furrows are sown
> With a cold breath.
>
> I heard in my heart all night
> The sea crying, Come home,
> Come home, I thought of the white
> Cold flowers of foam.

Or again

> Go secretly and put me in the ground—
> Go before the moon uncovers,
> Go where now no night wind hovers,
> Say no word above me, make no sound,
> Heap only on my buried bones
> Cold sand and naked stones
> And come away and leave unmarked the mound.
> Let not those silent hunters hear you pass:
> Let not the trees know, nor the thirsty grass,
> Nor secret rain
> To breed from me some living thing again,
> But only earth—
> For fear my body should be drowned
> In her deep silences and never found.

It may not be entirely fair to extract these passages from their context, especially in the case of so unified a poem as "The Pot of Earth," but when a man can speak for himself a critic serves his readers better by a gesture of introduction than by an attempt at paraphrase. And Mr. MacLeish can speak for himself. He is a poet whose thought is as important to his work as his lyric qualities—and for that reason the charge of obscurity may be brought against him by certain readers, in an age when thought of any kind is rapidly being supplanted by pictures of one sort or another. But his apparent obscurity has the depth of a still water rather than the blankness of a mask—and if he continues to develop after "The Pot of Earth" as he has developed since his first book, "Tower of Ivory," his place in the American letters of our phantasmagoric age will be a secure and an enviable one.

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Pastoral Poems

ENGLISH POEMS. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

HITHERTO it has been all too easy to write of Mr. Blunden as an eccentric landscape poet whose choice of dialect words and the scenes of a particular countryside (not excluding manure heaps and livestock) tended to narrow his range and obscure his artistic power. Happily this new volume offers a more comprehensive view of his poetic character than can be seen in any of his previous books. It is divided into four sections headed Village, Field, Mind, and Spirit, respectively. Any one section contains as much matter and a great deal more poetry than is to be found in all but two or three recent volumes of verse. The variety of the collection proves that the author is not belying that reputation promised by many of the leading English critics when his poems first attracted general notice some seven years ago.

Mr. Blunden's very obvious derivations from the English pastoral poets, notably Thomson and John Clare, need not be stressed because, volume by volume, his own poetic individuality has intensified. It is time to say farewell to any early suspicions of his indebtedness. What he has borrowed he has also improved. In short, Mr. Blunden has overtaken Clare in his stride while, in several respects, he can give points to Thomson. He has enriched their legacy in such a way as to enlarge the field of poetry wherein they ploughed such deep furrows. Although, like Clare, Mr. Blunden can observe and record physical appearances with minute fidelity he does not keep himself out of the verse. He colors the thing he sees, but he also permits it to color him, as Clare seldom did. While lacking that final Wordsworthian self-identification with nature, in our day inherited notably by A. E., and Ralph Hodgson, Mr. Blunden sees the landscape as a background for the shepherd where his obvious predecessors in the pastoral tradition saw the shepherd more as an incident in the landscape. Thus to treat Mr. Blunden, as he has so often been treated, as one of those poets who are content merely to "paint the streaks of the tulip" would be a grievous error. Nevertheless, when the occasion warrants it, how skilfully and feelingly he can paint those streaks!

> The silver eel slips through the waving weeds
> And in the tunnelled shining stone recedes;
> The earnest eye surveys the crystal pond
> And guards the cave: the sweet shoals pass beyond.
> The watery jewels that these have for eyes,
> The tiger streaks of him that hindmost plies,
> The red-gold wings that smooth their daring paces,
> The sunlight dancing about their airs and graces,
> Burn that strange watcher's heart; then the sly brain
> Speaks, all the dumb shoal shrieks, and by the stone
> The silver death writhes with the chosen one.

Here, as in his more vital work, nothing is to be seen of that recent feverish anxiety, the curse of so many young poets, to say more at the moment than there is to say. He never strains after an effect. He takes his mood for what it is, capturing it in a net of finely wrought verse, with the dew still on it.

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Because Mr. Blunden is frequently content with such plain statement and never intellectualizes his emotions, many of his poems, like this, will earn the blame of the contemporary *intelligentsia*. He will be called traditional and old-fashioned. And so, indeed, he is, but not in any ignoble connotation of those too often ill-employed terms. The truth is that Mr. Blunden, unlike so many of the younger poets, does not step out of the path of the eternal verities. Throughout the new poems he displays an exceptional ability to wrestle with and conquer what, in less competent hands, would be commonplace. The remembrance of the myriad bad poems about moonlight and roses has not been able to frighten Mr. Blunden away. He looks at his world with a fresh and ready heart and eye.

> When I went abroad, the land
> Proclaimed a new dominion,
> The black lanes which ploughs had planned
> Shone vital and virginian.

Nobody has said it in just that way before. And although the city-bred literary generation of today may have lost some of the old power to respond to the sweet country breath of these English poems it is difficult to believe that Mr. Blunden is any the less a fine poet because he has chosen to ignore the clamoring voices of the great cities. Those who can question the suggestion are recommended to turn to his "Rue du Bois" or "The Still Hour," pieces which any poet alive today might be proud to have written.

Buckles and Lace

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA. By E. BARRINGTON. New York. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

NO risk is involved in the prophecy that the new Barrington book will attract even more readers than "The Divine Lady" and "Glorious Apollo." Mrs. Beck has discovered an almost infallible formula and her pen grows increasingly facile in following it. Moreover the life of Mrs. Mary Robinson—known to romance as poor Perdita—is ideally adapted to the requirements of a Barrington tale. Luscious sentiment, mild tragedy, and heavy costuming color the story of the beautiful and talented woman who was tempted and fell—and then fell more than once. Her little page in history spices the large volumes devoted to Garrick, Sheridan, Charles Fox, and George the Fourth; actress, poetess, mistress of the Prince of Wales, a romantic and somewhat pathetic figure, she takes her place—in pink satin banded with sable or pale blue lustring and a chip hat—among the gayest and noblest company of her day.

One can hardly quarrel with the use of poor Perdita as heroine in the period-furniture, pseudo-historical type of fiction. Unlike Byron, she is fair game. Fox, who knew her as well as any man, said that the Almighty himself would be at his wit's end whether to place her in heaven or hell, and after all the accurate interpretation of her hesitancies and desires, her retreats and advances, can matter very little to the sternest historian. Between the rosy picture of herself that Mary Robinson has left us in her "Memoirs"—Mrs Beck's is on the whole even rosier, though she neglects the side of Perdita that delighted in "the mixed confusion of a study and a nursery"—and Percy Fitzgerald's opinion that she was a foolish, excitable, designing, and exceedingly vain creature, there is room for much speculation—most of it futile. Whether she actually sold the Prince's letters to her, as historians say, or nobly burned them, as our novel has it, whether the Duke of Cumberland was indeed the villain of the piece, whether the Prince after the break wrote her not unkindly and her husband offered to take her back, whether she was forced by circumstances or love of finery into the arms of Fox and Tarleton—who really cares? The tale moves on nimbly, a matter of surfaces rather than depths.

One wishes, however, that the impersonal narrator of it might have slipped less clumsily in and out of an eighteenth century manner. Sometimes, half in, she interlards the expository passages with "'twas," "I dare swear," and the like, sometimes, wholly out, she gravely explains the customs of the period or facetiously mocks at its manners. The moral asides, also, often pretentious and platitudinous, are wholly unnecessary: Perdita's actions can be trusted to speak for themselves. And there are all too many traces of hasty and slovenly writing in such scrambled sentences as:

> To her misfortune, she had a clinging romantic strain in her that wound its tendrils about any who showed her a little kindness, and could not easily conceive that they should bear to wound her any more than she would have wounded them, and when it came, it brought a kind of terror with it, as of moving in darkness where dreadful creatures lurked about her.

Nevertheless the tale as a tale is succulent, filled with piquant situations and a paste-like sparkle. It will doubtless be immensely popular and many will find an additional charm and a virtuous satisfaction in the belief that romance is here tinctured with learning. That the historical background comprises only thinly painted drops and flats, that the characterization probes very little beneath the lilac waistcoats and lace fichus, and that the biographical detail, insofar as it concerns the important persons of the day, resolves itself for the most part into twaddly gossip, all this will not—and perhaps should not—mar their enjoyment. The book appears, very opportunely, at a time of year when one takes ones pleasures lightly and lazily.

The BOWLING GREEN

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

An Unpublished Fragment

(*From the Travel Diary of a Philosopher*)

I HAVE now been for three days in pagan Rome and have come to understand the Romans perfectly. My first impatience with their lack of metaphysical profundity has passed away quite completely. There are other profundities than those of metaphysics. When I talked with Nero, I was indeed surprised at his indifference toward all questions of religion and morality but as soon as we touched upon the gladiatorial shows he revealed a delightful intelligence and a genuine grasp of the subject. I find deep significance in this. The Romans have chosen the way of action, the cult of the body, the glorification of the flesh, and have discovered perfection therein. And perfection is the one thing needful, no matter in what element it appears. Fundamentally the body and the mind are equally illusory in themselves, equally valid as means of self-realization, and it is quite proper to choose either path if it is chosen wholeheartedly. The Romans in their wisdom have known how to realize themselves even through lust and cruelty. Surely they should be praised. One should not think of the emotions of Caligula's guests as they fell into the sea from his Baiae bridge but those of Caligula himself, the young god, exulting in the success of his well-planned insolent device.

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Yes, I am coming more and more to feel like a Roman. I no longer object to the blood of the hundreds of animals that are daily slaughtered in the arena, their howls of terror, or their groans of suffering. These are incidental to the display of man's triumph over nature, the conquest of instinct by a higher power. I am not even offended by the mutual murder of the gladiators. How admirably graceful are the movements of the rettiarius as he throws his net over his victims! And not one of these gladiators but knows how to die with dignity. How superior is the culture of this people to the vulgar democracy of my own day!

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I spent this morning with the Christians who are to be thrown to the wild beasts tomorrow. I found them wholly admirable. How trivial seem the aspirations of the pagans in comparison! It is indeed well to be the slayer, but it is far better to be the slain. For the sake of the inner experience, I accepted the Christian faith for the space of three hours. It proved to be marvellously strengthening. I had not the slightest fear of the arena, my approaching death seemed absolutely nothing, nay, the thought of imminent martyrdom brought with it an ecstatic solace such as I have never felt before in all my travels. Then I recanted lest I become the victim of a single type of perfection to the exclusion of all others. Those hours, however, were well spent; they enabled me to enter into the very soul of Christianity.

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Rome is in flames. Some say that the fire was started by order of the emperor; if so, what a magnificent inspiration on Nero's part to prepare for himself so sublime a spectacle. Others accuse the Christians of being the incendiaries. That too, is plausible, because these Romanized Christians have never understood the true spirit of their religion imported from Asia and often act in a way directly contrary to its precepts. In either case, the fire must be regarded as a symbol of the ultimate fact that the whole external world exists solely as means of inner self-realization. I have always understood this in principle, but the vision of Rome burning to ashes before my eyes lends immeasurable grandeur to my feeling. The event, however, is unfortunate for my own plans. Nothing can be learned from or of men in a state of extraordinary danger and excitement. I must away. Nor does this really matter. Nero and Christianity are already left behind, states of the soul which I have now outgrown. Once more I float upon the shoreless sea of being.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

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Books of Special Interest

Newman Denatured

NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS. By JOSEPH J. REILLY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE
Wesleyan University

THE avowed purposes of this volume are to supply the need of a detailed critical study of Newman as a writer, to win for him new readers by showing the vitality of his substance and the charm of his style, to place him in his period, and to define his significance to our time. Dr. Reilly is moderately successful in the first of these aims; he deserves to succeed in the second; in the third and fourth he is somewhat handicapped by his point of view. He is a broad-minded Catholic, who is anxious to extend Newman's influence among a reading public largely of Protestant traditions. It is impossible to place Newman clearly in his time without recognizing his relation to the romantic movement, of which the Tractarian agitation was an important religious phase. Dr. Reilly's position as a Catholic, however, leads him to pass over this fundamental relationship with a brief, slighting reference. On the other hand, his desire to render Newman attractive to non-Catholic readers leads him to neglect or minimize distinctively Catholic elements in Newman's thought, such as his belief in the necessity for external religious authority. This idea is, of course, really central in Newman's thinking, and it obviously conditions and limits his significance for the world today. It is, I suppose, the principal reason for the decline of Newman's influence, which Dr. Reilly laments.

But you cannot overcome or remove an obstacle by ignoring it. Nor can you hope to define with any accuracy Newman's significance to this or any other generation if you leave out of account ideas which he devoted his life to preaching. It is something of an achievement (which certainly would have astonished Newman) to write a chapter on the "Apologia," as Dr. Reilly has done, without mentioning either "authority" or "dogma." "From the age of fifteen," Newman tells us in that fascinating autobiography, "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion." According to Dr. Reilly, it does not matter especially whether or not we accept Newman's solution of the religious problem; the fact that he became a Catholic is in a sense irrelevant to his larger influence. What does matter is that we should feel the stimulus of his courage and sincerity in his great struggle, that we should be stirred by his call to duty as something individual and personal, that we should be inspired by his unfailing sense of the reality of the spiritual world, that we should learn his lesson of tolerance. Perhaps Dr. Reilly is right; but we may be pretty sure that Newman would not have thought so. The Newman he offers to us in his last chapter is a very denatured Newman; a sort of refined Carlyle, with a moderate admixture of Matthew Arnold. The traits which sharply distinguish him from his great contemporaries are missing.

Dr. Reilly's estimate of Newman's style is sound but not new. Most of what he says on this matter has been at least equally well and more compactly said before,—for instance, by the late Professor Gates, in his penetrating study of Newman as a prose writer. (Dr. Reilly, by the way, does not mention this essay, though his book contains some rather curious parallels with it.) His chief contribution here is perhaps his demonstration of Gibbon's influence upon Newman's diction and rhythm,—an influence which has not been generally recognized. In his treatment of the substance of Newman's work, he avoids theology, for reasons already mentioned; in some chapters, such as those on "Newman as Preacher" and "The Apologia," the result is a good deal like "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. The "Grammar of Assent" is mentioned only in passing. In general Dr. Reilly is less acute in analyzing the substance than in criticizing the style. The chapter on "The Idea of a University" is a rather uncritical summary of the book. The chapter on "Newman as Historian" is judicial in tone and at times severe in its pronouncements; but Dr. Reilly's standards here are hardly modern. The discussions of Newman's novels and poetry are discriminating and suggestive.

Dr. Reilly's style is not unworthy of his subject. From his long study of the master's prose he has gained something of its skill in the marshalling of sentence and paragraph, of its sensitive accuracy, and of its rhythm. The result is that though his book is often disappointing in substance, it is extremely readable.

Church Embroidery

NEEDLEWORK IN RELIGION. By M. SYMONDS (MRS. ANTROBUS) and L. PREECE. With many illustrations in the text and thirty-six plates from ancient and modern examples. New York: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. 1926.

Reviewed by R. FRANCIS MORRIS
Metropolitan Museum of Art

IN this volume of some two hundred pages, two specialists eminent in their particular field, have, in a concise way, placed within reach of their readers much interesting matter dealing with the various phases of ecclesiastical embroidery, its history and its symbolism.

A short introduction "extracted from two sources,"—the Scriptures and Cecil Headlam's "Story of Chartres,"—strikes a serious note in its biblical quotations from Exodus that recount with meticulous care the furnishings of the temple and the vestments of Aaron, the high priest whose robe was to be bordered with "pomegranates of blue and of purple and of scarlet round about the hem thereof, and bells of gold between them." This established ritual dating back to the days of the Children of Israel was taken over in the early centuries by the Western Church, filtered down through Anglo Saxon times when it was still the custom to fringe the copes with bells, until today where the custom still survives in some Roman Catholic churches, and is recalled in the old-time hymn of the Anglican Church,—"Thou art coming O my Savior," where the first stanza closes with the lines

Coming: O Thou Glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

The secular source from which the authors have quoted—Mr. Headlam's delightful book—throws into sharp relief the spirit of ancient craftsmanship and reflects a life indeed remote from our own when "whole populations rose up and came on a pilgrimage from afar to build and rebuild the house of God," and when a man's labor was his offering, his art very often his best and only alms,—an attitude of mind that would be difficult to associate with the conditions under which modern artists and artisans work.

The subject matter of the volume is arranged under two general heads. The first, "Historical and Descriptive" deals with the origin of design and symbolism, the vestments and altar furnishings of the Eastern and Western Churches with carefully executed drawings showing clearly each detail of the different parts. This feature is an especially interesting adjunct as the student may readily compare in this way variations between the two, as, for instance the mandya of the Jewish ritual that became the cope of the Western Church, and the Phelonion of the former that is the chasuble of the latter.

A table naming the requirements for the altar and one giving the ritualistic colors for each feast and saint's day of the Roman and Anglican churches, together with an illuminating chapter on the origin and development of vestments illustrated from early manuscripts, ivories and monumental brasses, condenses a great deal of interesting material in a few brief paragraphs of easy reading. This first part is supplemented by two dozen plates showing important museum specimens of ecclesiastical embroidery.

In Part II, the mystic field of symbolism is translated into practical work-a-day scale and measure! Here patterns are given showing the proper dimensions of church vestments, with suggestions as to sources of inspiration for the proper designing and ornamentation of ecclesiastical embroidery, and it is here that Miss Symonds impresses upon the student the value of museum collections as a field of study.

The admirable combination of the historic features of embroidery, in which symbolism plays so important a part—with the practical demonstration of working patterns and details of stitchery, makes this an admirable text book for those interested in the subject, and of especial value to Altar Guilds who may not always be within reach of libraries where works on the subject are available.

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Books of Special Interest

Indian Masks

MANITO MASKS. By HARTLEY ALEXANDER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY HUNTER

THE Indian dance-drama is one of the most unique of contemporary drama forms. The existence today of a racial dramatic expression in which the psychological separation between the supernatural and the natural has not yet taken place, a drama which is at once a prayer and a creative force, in which the actor is himself the mask of an idea, grants the observer a supreme opportunity to see the creative spirit in evolution.

Mr. Alexander has fully grasped the forces underlying Indian expression and sets them forth clearly and emphatically in his preface to "Manito Masks." However, he feels the authentic form is perhaps too unfamiliar to be grasped by the white man, and he, therefore, undertakes "to achieve a form which shall preserve the Indian attitude in its integrity and yet interpret it to the white man's mind."

In representing a general Indian concept the author has taken admitted liberties in mixing the songs, stories, and costumes of different tribes. When the differences involved are not environmental and psychological, the intermixture would not be noticeable to an audience unfamiliar with the background. But Mr. Alexander himself must see the inconsistency lying in his Mask, "The Man Who Married the Thunderer's Daughter." It is based on a Cherokee legend—and Cherokees have an extreme southern environment—the mask suggested for the Thunder is Iroquois—from the heavily forested Great Lake region—the costumes are Pueblo—a southwestern desert people whose concept of Thunder as a gigantic benign bird differs entirely in symbol and psychology from the Iroquois. Mr. Alexander would surely see it as inconsistent in a corresponding intermixture of European cultures. In this Mask dancing is an important element in the action, and though Mr. Alexander has perfectly expressed the quality of Indian dancing as "body vibration rather than limb motion," still his stage directions are so inadequate that one who has never seen Indian dancing would be at a total loss as to how to reproduce it. To give complete descriptive suggestions for production would require voluminous notes that would probably encumber rather than encourage the producer. Yet it seems hardly fair to turn a producer unfamiliar with the material loose to handle the strange subtleties of Indian dancing and song rhythms.

In his preface Mr. Alexander has defined as the "key forms to an understanding of Indian æsthetic" rhythm, song, and spectacle, and he makes illuminating and characteristic use of them in his first Mask, "How Death Came Into the World." It is a combination of two ancient legends, from sources geographically as far apart as Greenland and Oregon, yet lying in environment of the same general characteristics, of how death began with the child of the first parents and the contest between the Author of Life and the Coyote as to whether man shall keep the gift of death. In the Masks the author combines the drummer and the singer—rather a surprising combination since it is a characteristic of Indian music that the rhythm of the drum is a separate rhythmic unity from that of the song or dance, touching them and moving away so that in Indian dances the drummer rarely sings. In production it would probably be more satisfactory to separate the singer from the drummer.

Mr. Haugseth's illustrations are in the main suggestive and illuminating, keeping well within the general simple quality of production. The Masks are excellently suited to the amateur and the experimental professional theatre. In most of the spirit legends, Mr. Alexander has succeeded admirably in the difficult task of transposing into the white man's plane of realization the prayerful and at the same time commanding relation of the Indian to the Moving Forces. And with that fundamental quality of reality a sincere production cannot go far wrong. It is to be hoped that the excellence of the Masks as a whole will create an audience for Indian dance-drama in its aboriginal form.

Among the Bogeys

MASTERSON. By GILBERT FRANKAU. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.00.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

IF Mr. Frankau had written this novel in cold blood, deliberately assuming a viewpoint that would make it a best-seller among the morons and last-ditch-Tories of the British Fascisti (to say nothing of their American cousins) he could not have surpassed his involuntary achievement. Every political catch-phrase and catch-idea that has been invented or exploited by the Yellow Press to scare ignorant simplicity since the days of the Russian revolution culminates in the pages of "Masterson."

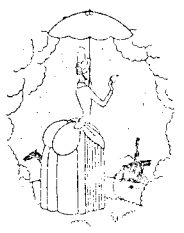
Mr. Frankau's hero is a well-meaning, "typical English gentleman" who suddenly finds himself heir to a colossal fortune. He returns from Abyssinia to London where he accepts his millions with qualms. Presently he marries an obviously shallow and selfish night-club Mayfair girl who soon commits adultery with his best friend. He attempts politics, standing in the conservative interest against a blackguardly labor candidate in a slum constituency, but is defeated by a few votes. Mr. Frankau's pen picture of a British election would have been better if he had not made one candidate a devil and the other an angel. In the intervals between politics and his marriage affairs Masterson races horses, attempts a little casual philanthropy in the way of improving some of the slum property which helps to swell his income, indulges and listens to "patriotic" conversation, most of which falls from the lips of a Hebrew theatrical magnate whose oratory, Mr. Frankau would persuade us, is magnificent (actually it sounds like the leading articles Mr. Horatio Bottomley used to write before he was committed to prison) and, after his divorce, fades from sight into a second marriage with his understanding secretary, lately a country building contractor, and, conveniently enough, Masterson's first boyhood love.

The tale is conventional though it would have served as a good peg whereon to hang a novelist's robes. But Mr. Frankau hangs his all awry. His "typical English gentleman" walks, with very little improvement, straight out of the servant-girl novelette, as ever strong, silent, slow to anger (but a devil when roused), patient, and so on and so forth. Mr. Frankau makes him rather stupid too, though not so convincingly stupid as to account rationally for some of his doings in the tale, his marriage for instance. Like the other characters in the book he feels, thinks, and acts superficially most of the time. Some of the minor people, like the jockey and the hero's embezzling brother-in-law, are rather cleverly drawn. But the picture of post-war England which fills most of the novelist's canvas and reveals his ideas of his own country and countrymen is sheer fantastic melodrama. Mr. Frankau perceives an England ridden with "traitors," socialist agitators, and members of parliament in Russian pay. This is how his hero meditates on the character of the working classes.

> England was an Ethiopia. These London slum-dwellers, however much a man might spend on labor for them would not change their essential characteristics. The work of one architect, the erection of one model dwelling, the winning of one—even a dozen—election-battles, would not rouse these hopeless men, these slatternly women, to a sense of communal responsibility. Idle by instinct, diseased, vicious, and drunken by inheritance, they would always prefer the dung-heap to the mountain-top; breeding and multiplying as vermin breed and multiply, till Nature—greatest of all Surgeons—cut away the necrosis of them from her general tissues.

This is a fair specimen of the kind of propaganda which stars Mr. Frankau's pages and it makes one long to hear his views on the Theory of Evolution. All the author's blacks are very, very black; all of his whites are very, very white. His Tories have a monopoly of the virtues and from their mountain-top they survey their opponents, without exception villains deeply dyed, wallowing among the dunghill vapors beneath. And it is not as if he were painting, ironically, the extreme edges of the social and political world in England today. Throughout his book there is not a single hint of ironic intention. He merely wags a stolen Union-Jack through four hundred pages of commonplace narrative. The direct allusions to honored, living statesmen of the British labor party are so grossly discreditable that the present reviewer, an Englishman with fairly conservative political views, feels heartily ashamed of the book.

THE MAUVE DECADE



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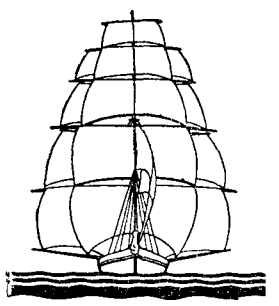

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Foreign Literature

A Balzacian Record

CROMWELL. FAC-SIMILÉ DU MANUSCRIPT. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Edited by W. S. HASTINGS. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1925. 2 vols.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

IN 1816 Abel Villemain delivered at the Sorbonne his lectures on Oliver Cromwell. Within a dozen years three Frenchmen of genius were inspired by Villemain to write plays on this subject. The Romantic *drames* of Hugo and of Mérimée were too complicated to be actable; the neo-classical tragedy of Balzac suffered rather from its simplicity and that of its author. For this "Cromwell" was composed when Balzac was only twenty and marks his first flight as an imaginative writer.

The play, then, has never been acted and, except for fragmentary citations, it has never been published. The manuscript is here reproduced by a careful photographic process; the old note-book in which it was copied reapepars in its exact size; there are included even the hasty interleavings on which Balzac jotted down his corrections. This "text" constitutes one volume of Mr. Hastings's enterprise. The other volume contains a fully documented and scholarly introduction (in French), together with notes, by author or editor, which deal with sundry passages and variants in the play. The manuscript used is preserved in the Lovenjoul Collection at Chantilly—that great treasure-house of Balzaciana. Aided by Marcel Bouteron, curator of the collection, Mr. Hastings has determined that this manuscript is nearly altogether in the handwriting of Balzac's mother. His own calligraphy appears in the annotations and intercalations, but the complete holograph original seems to be lost. Madame Balzac made a few mistakes in the transcription, but fortunately for the reader her hand is easily legible, which is more than can be said for that of her distinguished son.

The circumstances of Madame Balzac's copying "Cromwell," together with other circumstances in connection with the play, are touched upon in René Benjamin's recent book, "La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac." But these matters are more fully and authoritatively treated in Mr. Hastings's Introduction, which was written and set up some time before Benjamin's book. The *milieu* surrounding "Cromwell" is depicted in the correspondence of the Balzac family, for which letters Mr. Hastings has wisely gone back to the originals. Honoré had for some time been urging his parents to let him become a *littérateur*; finally he set up for himself "in a garret at twenty years." The garret was near the Arsenal Library, convenient for researches, and it was in the autumn of 1819 that the youth embarked on "Cromwell." The play was finished six months later. Balzac's letters to his sister, during its composition, reveal his delight in being left alone with his dreams. We learn how he prepared himself for the subject, the difficulties of composition, the *scènes à faire*, his uncertainties regarding the behavior of various characters. When the drama is finished and read with great anticipations before the family circle, it falls dreadfully flat. It becomes still flatter before the distinguished critical gaze of M. Andrieux and others. And presently Balzac himself acknowledges that "Cromwell" had little merit—"not even that of being an embryo."

Yet when placed in its proper setting "Cromwell," as a "Balzacian relic," has much interest. The subject was quite fashionable when Balzac wrote. Besides Villemain's lectures (published as a "Histoire de Cromwell," 1819), besides the later plays of Hugo and Mérimée, not to mention the elder Dumas, we find two lesser lights who significantly use "Charles Premier" as their titular hero. French opinion, ever since Louis XIV, had favored the Stuart cause and upheld the legend of the "royal martyr;" this is evident in the pages both of Bossuet and of Voltaire. In addition to these sources, Balzac drew principally from Villemain; the main traits of Fairfax and Ireton; the picture of Henrietta Maria (combined with Bossuet); especially the presentation of Oliver Cromwell, as essentially a hypocrite and a double-dealer. This last is thoroughly in the French tradition, aiming a thrust at perfidious Albion. Scott's "Woodstock" (1826) gives a far better interpretation of the Protector.

The main *clou* of Balzac's plot is that Charles exhibits an unusual magnanimity in releasing, without any counter-demand, the captured sons of Cromwell. This fictitious motive is adapted from Corneille's "Cinna." Echoes can also be found from Euripides and from the conspiracy-plays of the period. Neo-classical *clichés*, frequent inversions, monologues according to pattern, all make us inquire what is original and truly Balzacian about this drama? For one thing, the author invents historical incidents and distorts facts with a debonnair freedom—if this be considered a merit. He makes a curious confusion, for instance, between Westminster Hall and the Abbey. But it is evident that the Romantic revolt has not yet occurred. The play is a youthful rhetorical exercise, colorless, superficial, awkward and involved as to style, and confined within the cramping tradition as regards the unities, decorum, sapless verbiage, and the like. Only two things, I believe, foreshadow the author of the "Comédie Humaine." One is the attention paid to characterization; he does not attain, but he makes the effort, especially in treating the rôle of the dominant passion. And throughout the additions made in Balzac's own handwriting, we are struck by the insistence on concrete detail. Otherwise this "Cromwell" remains a work on which the editor rather than the author deserves congratulations.

More Tolstoy

NEIZDANNYE RAZSKAZY I PIECY (Unpublished Short Stories and Plays). By LEO TOLSTOY. Paris: N. P. Karbasnikoff Publishing Co. 1926.

DNEVNIK (The Diary). By LEO TOLSTOY. Paris: In "Golos Minuvshago." No. 2, 1926.

MOYA ZHIZN (My Life at Home and in Yassnaya Polyana). By T. A. KUZMINSKAYA, Parts I, II and III. Moscow: 1925-1926.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

IF in the course of the year 1924-1925 Russian literature was enriched by a series of new documents on and by Dostoievsky, the year 1925-1926 may be justly called Tolstoy's year for it has witnessed the appearance of an unexpected number of posthumous works by the anchorite of the Yassnaya Polyana. "Tolstoy's season" has been inaugurated by the publication of hitherto unknown excerpts from the famous writer's unfinished novel on Peter the Great. But of this I have already informed the readers of the *Saturday Review;* therefore, without repeating that which has been said, I shall pass on to other publications.

We owe most of them to "Zadrugha," the publishing company which was entrusted fifteen years ago, after the great writer's death, with the investigation and publication of his posthumous works. It is thanks to this company that the volume containing four of his hitherto unpublished short plays and eight of his hitherto unknown short stories and excerpts was issued a few months ago in Paris. Chronologically these works spread over all the sixty years of Tolstoy's literary activity: the first of them ("The History of Yesterday") was written in 1851, when he was a boy of twenty-two (this is his earliest fiction work known to us), while the last of them ("On the Land Question") came from his pen in 1910, a few months before his death. Not all of these pieces are equal in their æsthetic merits. Some of them will undoubtedly rank among Tolstoy's greatest masterpieces. Such is, for instance, the "Children's Tale" which the great writer had dedicated to his niece, the little Varienka. It is a purely realistic story of three children going on a holiday with their mother and governess to the theatre, paying no attention to "men and women who walk and talk on the stage," and concentrating all their interest and curiosity on a boy and a girl who sit in the next box beside them. The "Tale" ends with the description of the children's retirement to bed, of their earnest and businesslike conversation on a miraculous device which enables a child in one night to become a grown up person, and of their naïve and incoherent dreams. All this is very simple and realistic. But Tolstoy succeeds in permeating the whole story with such a sunny and radiant happiness and in "dematerializing" his words to such an extent that it reads like the most poetic poem. And he achieves it without resorting to any premeditated "naïvetés," without the slightest traces of stylization. I do not know whether European literatures have anything to compare with this piece of playing sunshine magically caught by Tolstoy and thrown on paper.

Valuable also is the already mentioned "History of Yesterday." But the value of this story lies in its biographically-psycological peculiarities rather than in its æsthetic merits. It is written from beginning to end *à la* Marcel Proust, so much so, indeed, that if it had been published some twenty years ago we should have called the famous Frenchman an imitative writer. It is certainly a discovery for us to learn that at the very outset of his creative career Tolstoy possessed in full measure the secret of that "analysis of spiritual infinitesimals" which has rendered Proust world famous and that he deliberately gave up this method as not suiting his purposes.

Of other short stories contained in the volume especially interesting are the powerful "Dream" and the healthy, youthful, and manly "Oasis." They both represent Tolstoy at his best. As to the short plays, they are all comparatively unimportant and uninteresting.

Let us now pass to the second publication—to Tolstoy's Diary for the years 1853 and 1854. The biographic importance of this document is enormous. It shows to us that already at that time Tolstoy the moralist and the preacher was struggling against Tolstoy the man, the passionate, healthy, life asserting man. He was at that time an officer of an artillery regiment stationed in the Caucasus. He went to that far off country "to get away from debts and, still more, from bad habits." We know what habits Tolstoy meant: gambling, dissipation, drinking—such were some of them. We also learn from the Diary that the Caucasus did not cure them. It was here that the young Tolstoy gambled away the magnificent house which he had inherited from his ancestors; it was here that, one day, he pretty nearly gambled away all his fortune. All the delights of life attracted his life-loving nature. He yielded to temptation after temptation, then reproached himself and repented, and then "sinned" and "blundered" again. He drew for himself long lists of moral rules and regulations; but it was impossible to force into their narrow Procrustean bed his wide and passionate nature. Drawing the balance to good and bad deeds of the day he almost always remained dissatisfied with himself. Yet reading these unfortunate pages one does not know with whom to sympathize more, with Tolstoy, the happy heathen, or with Tolstoy, the Christian trying to strangle him.

The third—and last—publication which I want to mention here is not by Tolstoy, but by Tolstoy's sister-in-law, Tatyana Andreyevna Kuzminskaya, née Bers. It is she who had served the great writer as the original of his unsurpassed Natasha Postova in "War and Peace." Reading her reminiscences one feels so keenly the atmosphere of Tolstoy's great epic that one is tempted to nickname them "Reminiscences by Natasha Rostova." Mrs. Kuzminskaya was one of Tolstoy's most intimate friends for forty-five or even fifty years. She spent a considerable part of her life at the Yassnaya Polyana. She saw Tolstoy in all his transformations, from early manhood to senility. And she had a great deal to say. It is a great loss to Tolstoy's lovers that she should have died without having completed the fourth part of her invaluable work dealing mostly with the five or six years that preceded and followed Tolstoy's marriage in 1863.

The book is written with a rare memoiristic talent in the form of an epic family chronicle. Its main peculiarity lies in the fact that it contains, so to speak, the genealogies and the biographies of a number of Tolstoy's heroes. Mrs. Kuzminskaya knew personally "the originals;" and she tells us what the great writer added to them to arrive at "the portraits" known to us from his novels.

Unlike hundreds of Tolstoy's biographies, Mrs. Kuzminskaya draws neither an ikon, nor a caricature of Tolstoy. She merely characterizes him as she knew him. Fits of unjustifiable jealousy with which he annoyed, and sometimes even tortured, his young wife, lots of love, happy laughter, and sunshine which he spread around him, thoughts, affairs, and ideas which preoccupied him—all are reflected in her reminiscences which will undoubtedly occupy one of the first places in the long series of documentary works on Russia's great writer written by his contemporaries.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? By MAURICE MAETERLINCK, DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI and others. Duffield. 1926. $2.50.

It was a happy idea on the part of the *Forum* magazine in its campaign for tolerance to run a series of articles on civilization by representatives of different racial cultures. The idea was, however, somewhat difficult to carry out successfully and it is more than doubtful whether the series deserved republication in book form. The danger in any such collection is that the various authors will have such divergent notions of their duties and such divergent capacities with which to perform them that the resulting work will lack unity of conception. "What Is Civilization?" not only lacks unity, it is a messy book in other ways as well. It is badly proportioned, and not all of the assignments were made with sufficient discretion. Thus in a volume which omits all consideration of Romans, Jews, or Saracens the longest, and incidentally the least accurate, contribution is on "Ancient Egypt," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who is more eminent in other respects than as an Egyptologist. Only if civilization be considered synonymous with dulness is there any particular appropriateness in Herbert Spinden's essay on the agricultural products of Yucatan which does duty as "The Answer of Ancient America," or in the group of personal anecdotes by Dhan Mukerji which masquerades as "The Answer of India." The book, however, has some fertile stretches that almost compensate for the surrounding aridity. Ralph Adams Cram writes eloquently and with persuasive knowledge of the lost beauty of Mediævalism. There is an able essay by Ramsay Traquair on "Women and Modern Civilization" in which Mr. Traquair tilts against the superstition of women's æsthetic ability, points out that in all times her efficient activities have been practical and economic, and deplores the unspiritual tendencies in America resulting from the fact that education is so largely in her hands. Finally, if we wish to know what civilization is, we can, so far as this volume is concerned, best learn it from the Chinese and the Negro, represented respectively by Chi-Fung Liu and W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

Economics

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL PRICES. By *James W. Angell*. Harvard University Press. $5.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF COÖPERATIVE MARKETING. By *Eliot Grinnell Mears* and *Mathew O. Tobriner*. Ginn.

Education

THE STORY OF OUR AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Charles F. Horne*. 2 vols. New York U. S. History Publishing Co.

TEXAS FLAG PRIMER. By *Karle Wilson Baker*. World Book Co.

MAIN CURRENTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Percy Hazen Houston*. Crofts. $3.

STORY OF OUR CIVILIZATION. By *H. A. Guerber*. Holt.

Fiction

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Dutton. 1926.

Is America responsible for the decline and fall of Dhan Mukerji? Has he looked so long upon his western brother's face that familiarity has bred contempt and he has decided to give the brute what he wants? Or have his own standards gone glimmering? His recent work has been increasingly careless and slip-shod until in "The Secret Listeners of the East" he approaches the zero point of literature. It is bad enough for a promising writer to descend to pot-boilers, but there is something worse—to write pot-boilers that are not even good pot-boilers.

"The Secret Listeners of the East" is a mystery story dripping with gore. The plot is too confused for one to be sure what it is all about, but apparently it deals with the fiendish crimes of a group of Mohammedan fanatics in India. Murder is piled upon murder, horror upon horror. Mr. Mukerji strives to freeze, curdle, and boil the unhappy reader's blood. The book abounds in impossible disguises, abductions, doubles, and all the rest of the clap-trap to be found in juvenile detective stories. It is about on the level of the tales of Nick Carter that used to sell for a dime and were worth, perhaps, half as much.

MR. MOFFATT. By CHESTER FRANCIS COBB. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

One is tempted to suggest that "Mr. Moffatt's" pedigree may be by "Mr. Prohack" out of the Book of Job. If so, a fickle star must have blinked upon the mating, and the comic and tragic spirits evidently turned their backs and bestowed no gifts upon their godchild.

Obsessed with the hope that a large painting left in his possession in lieu of a bad debt may prove to be worth a fortune, Mr. Moffatt, coddled and cozened by his imagination, endures misfortune upon misfortune until he walks out of the book, a naked man. This plot, little more than an anecdote—and an anecdote with implications of farce rather than of pathos—is developed for three hundred pages through the stream of subconsciousness of an Australian chemist, fitted neither by Fate nor the author for the rôle he is designed to perform. The method of presenting him gives the hero a kind of reality, but it is wearisome in itself and quite unable to redeem the futility of the tale as a whole.

WINTER WHEAT. By ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Those who, like Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, feel that they are fools to read novels which merely depress their vitality will do well to avoid "Winter Wheat." As an exercise in unillumined realism it is competent enough and certain scenes are not without vividness and power. Miss Adcock undoubtedly knows her drab background and the dull, misshapen creatures she drags before it. But the truth is that a grim and meaningless tale concerned with individuals belonging to the lowest stratum of an English rural community must vindicate its existence by something more than photographic verisimilitude if it is to get itself read.

The theme in this case hardly justifies the efforts either of the author or the reader. Jason Unthank, a handsome good-for-nothing, deserts Nancy Fallow despite her humble worship of him and then finds in after years when he desires her again that she cannot be won back by blandishments or threats but can merely be cowed into a cold marriage for the sake of her son. The theme, weak enough in itself, is developed by means of a plot that descends at times to unconvincing melodrama. But this might be forgiven and certain blemishes in the characterization overlooked, if one felt that there were in the tale any intrinsic or, for that matter, any artistic significance.

PRECIOUS BANE. By MARY WEBB. Dutton. 1926.

Mrs. Webb's novel has so many unusual merits that we shall, if we are not watchful, overlook its two serious faults. First, it is overloaded with detail, both descriptive and narrative, weakening by profusion its effectiveness; second, it lacks the driving virility, the untamable power that tragic narrative must possess if it is to pass the boundary that separates second- from first-class literature. These two flaws aside, however, "Precious Bane" is a novel of rural England, set in the early 1800's, that will live long in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to read it. The archaic diction which Mrs. Webb has employed serves as a delightful setting for her recreation of the customs, superstitions, and thought of the days long past. As we follow the tragic story of Prue Sarn and her brother Gideon, we see the countryside, desolate and uncanny, taking its part in the narrative. Outside of Thomas Hardy's works, no remembered novel of English life on the soil can outdo "Precious Bane" in quiet dignity and beauty. We have here the period novel at its best, taking the reader's imagination a willing captive, and stimulating his interest at the same time by an impressive story ably told.

HONK! A Motor Romance. By DORIS F. HALMAN. Stokes. 1926. $2.

There is a little fun, a little love-making, and a great deal of tiresome travel-talk in Miss Halman's novel, "Honk!" We have a rather preposterous situation to accept, before we can read far into the story. Peter van Kleeck, a young and handsome flees the pursuing students and goes as the frindly guardian of two old maids during a motor trip through Spain and France. Even in these countries a girl from his class is on his trail. So slight is the plot that it needs characters or setting of unusual excellence to save it from anæmia. There is no help, however, and, long before the final pages are reached, the novel dies on the reader's hands.

UNCONQUERED. By MAUD DIVER. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By MAUD DIVER. The same.

Reprinted after an interval of approximately ten years, "Unconquered" and "Desmond's Daughter" will do little to heighten or to lessen the reputation of Maud Diver as a novelist. We know her already as a facile story-teller, quick to make use of the contemporary scene, whether it be in England or India, as background for her gentlefolk's adventures and romances; we do not expect her to wander far from the beaten path of character or motivation. In these two novels she does not disappoint us, for they are leisurely, entertaining, and usually well written.

In "Unconquered" we have the first year of the Great War, with its effect upon a family of the English aristocracy. There is a good deal of journalism and considerable propaganda, but in general your money's worth of fiction. Probably, however, the novel will need the author's reputation to lend it moral support. "Desmond's Daughter" is a far better story, although it is too long. With India as the setting, the narrative takes us through genuinely tense scenes of border warfare; it could well be used as a counter-demonstration to "A Passage to India." Somewhere between the two points of view the balance of truth must rest.

Certain major similarities in plot between Mrs. Diver's two novels are rather strange. In both a widowed mother marries an omniscient friend of the family; in both the hero is badly mutilated in battle and can only be persuaded to marry the heroine after she has proposed to him heartily and at length. We might almost think that one actual incident had been the starting point for both stories. Is such repetition quite fair to the reading public?

THE YEAR OF THE WOOD-DRAGON. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. Brentano's. 1926. $2.

In Mr. Abdullah's swiftly moving tale of adventure in Tibet, we see the spirit of Horatio Alger called into modern service. Who but an author in that tradition would take an orphaned English urchin wandering as a native in the bazar of Chawkpore, and elevate him to the instrument that saved India from ghastly civil war? There in the novel is all the glamour of adventure in mountain strongholds, of secret caves, of Lhassa, and finally of the Dalai Lama himself, despot over that mysterious land. What if the glamour is generally sprinkled with tinsel? What if the exotic setting often becomes merely a painted backdrop? Luckily we do not have to believe in the adventures of Jimmie; all we must do is admire the pluck, the honesty, the shrewdness of the boy, and applaud the phenomenon of his success. "The Year of the Wood-Dragon" is for whoever wishes to play, in unfamiliar surroundings, the pleasant game of make-believe.

THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN. By MILLICENT SUTHERLAND. Putnams. 1926. $2.

This book consists of a novelette which titles it and four somber short stories. Of these the novelette is infinitely the most interesting. It is the story of a queenly, emotional widow of poise and position, who possibly because she was naturally a person of sentiment and trust, possibly because she never sowed garden oats in her youth, proceeds to make a fool of herself over equally inane men. In one case the object of her affections is a polo-playing ladies' man, callous, selfish, a slacker no-end. She marries him at the outbreak of the war somewhat, be it said, against his will. The war for her is a chance for great service; for him a soft job in England or farther Gallipoli. Disillusioned, but unable to stand alone, she hangs all her old illusions and some new ones about the neck of a distinguished soldier with artistic impulses, who also is a little loathe to marry. To be with her he gives up his job in some far outpost of civilization—but free from duty and grown familiar with her sentimental unprotected charm he finds in Paris of the after-war the easy, cheap theatrical sophistication after which his soul has

(*Continued on next page*)

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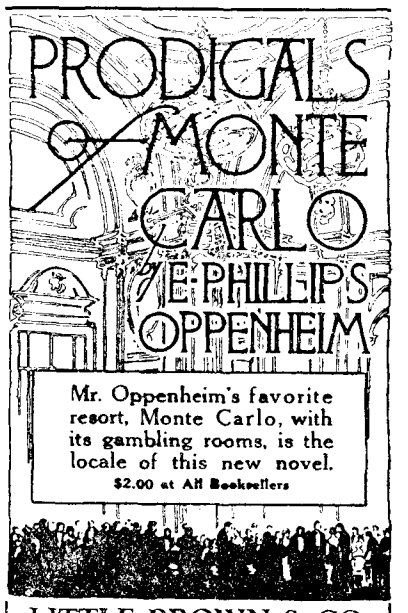
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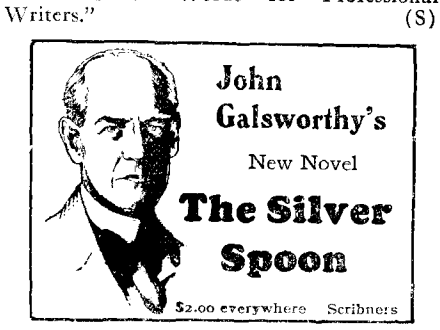

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What Size, Books?

And there did appear at Ye Little Booke Shoppe or the Energetic Emporium Book Department one man, rich in this world's goods; yea, greatly so. And he did ask for the salesperson, seemingly in great haste for his boot tapped, rap-tap-tap, on the nicely polished floor, and he did say, "Verily that confounded (or something) architect did cause a booke shelf to be builded into my new domicile. At what price can I purchase *eight feet of literature?*"

* * * *

In order to heighten the most evident fact that this story is a falsehood, it has been told in psuedo-fairy-tale form. And now that it has been made to appear untrue, please allow the writer to whisper, confidentially, that it not only happened once, but twice, within a very short space of time at two separate and distinct bookshops. Strange to the booklover? Possibly, but not to one who has had a chance to talk things over with his bookseller during the duller periods in the shop or book department. They can many a talk unfold—some of them even more unbelievable than this one of the person who bought books by the foot.

* * * *

After all, it all depends on what you want things for. Some of us eat because we have to; others because of the taste of certain foods. The bills of fare are likely to differ; so too with books. Those who buy them solely for their decorative value never taste the joyful, sweet, invigorating and filling meat which they contain. They have a nourishing and, paradoxically, appetizing effect on the bibliophile. Satiation is never attained. The appetite increases with each mental mouthful.

* * * *

Perhaps, with the realization of true conditions, the day will come when the booklovers of the country will combine to teach the others, so that they too may become browsers and readers. But from the looks of things I don't expect to live to see it.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

hankered. And so Chloe again is disappointed and learns at last, if not to stand alone, not to lean too heavily or too long.

The power of the book lies in an emotional but extremely intelligent style, in an analysis of character which is revealed as much by detail as by words, in a feeling for atmosphere (war-charged Europe is particularly real), but mostly in the fact that the heroine is a sentimental heroine with a brain. Never does she see her mistakes quite in time—but neither is she hopelessly stupid nor a wilful misrepresenter of unflattering fact. Lonely, lovely, sentimental creature that she is, very much too late she sees the wherefore and why of foolish choice and subsequent disaster.

The decided weakness of the book lies in the fact that the other stories are largely projections of the same character. In one she is a murderess, in one she goes mad, in another her lover is murdered, but fundamentally she is Chloe the queenly and the sentimental Wherefore one wonders very much indeed whether Chloe is the only string in the author's fiddle or whether after all she has others.

CYNTHIA CODENTRY. By ERNEST PASCAL. Brentano's. 1926. $2.

Perhaps these few chapters from Cynthia Codentry's biography may have been entertaining when told in mellowing firelight, but put between the covers of a book they become unprofitable; Mr. Pascal has not recast them into the proper form to hold the attention of the reader. Without having the obvious anarchy of a "Manhattan Transfer," the narrative is too episodic and loosely knit to look its reader in the face. In addition to this incoherence, "Cynthia Codentry" has the misfortune to be unbelievable. We can by no stretch of the imagination suppose that the girl who married Tweed and refused Waldron would, in her final plight, fly to Swedge, the farmer with metaphysical leanings. The crowning reason for the failure of the novel is that our sympathy is never aroused for any one of the characters. They are all inclined to be nebulous and fragmentary, what reality they do possess being often repellent.

DUSK OF DAY. By CATHARINE CLARK. Seltzer. 1926. $2.

"Dusk of Day" could have been written as a tragedy. Instead of keeping to the somberness of her opening scenes, however, Miss Clark chose to turn her novel into a romance. We cannot help wishing that her courage and her good judgment had not forsaken her. At the beginning of the story we see a quarrel between two brothers, aged ten and eleven, that results in the laming of the younger for life. The injured one, by nature selfish and tyrannical, makes, from that time forth, the days of the family miserable. In such a situation the implications of tragedy are strong. Nevertheless, the rough places are gradually smoothed, and the final chapter discovers a happy, sympathetic group. The processes by which this harmony is attained are a little too awkward and obvious not to be thoroughly resented. All in all, the novel is hardly of moderate worth, and can do no more than appeal mildly to the average reader.

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Doran. 1926. $2.

The curator of a museum in a small English town has spent the first thirty-nine years of his life functioning in a vacuum as a purely intellectual instrument. Instead of a head he carries on his shoulders an encyclopœdia, in which he has filled in every department except the section "S." In his ardor to collect facts about news and tadpoles, he has never noticed that he had a self, that people were moved by sentiment, or that human beings were not all of the same sex. The author has kindly undertaken to teach him his three S's. Few novel readers will be surprised that the method of instruction was to send the curator a charming and sensitive young woman as assistant.

The reader, who in affairs of this kind meets the author half-way as a matter of courtesy, is merely expected to believe in this case that a man whose vital energy is so tepid that in thirty-nine years he has never felt any tremble of joy or grief, nourished any secret aspirations, noticed that people sometimes swerve from the path of pure reason, has nevertheless developed a vigorous and original intellect. A glance at Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" or the private letters of any original scientist would, of course, wither this illusion.

Mr. Thurston tells this utterly unreal story with a suave and competent realism for the things that are irrelevant, and generously adds a hint of mystery by introducing an Egyptian mummy, a little talk of transmigration of souls, and a kestrel hawk. It is so arranged that those who would enjoy believing that the spirit of the mummy finally entered into the daughter of the curator and his charming assistant, may do so, while the tougher-minded are left an alternative based on natural explanations. Nothing could be fairer.

GRANITE. By THOMAS QUINN. Vinal. 1926. $2.

In "Granite" a myopic intelligence moralizes about the wickedness of pleasure and the need of an interest in the finer, nobler things of life. The author calls his hero "a man of soul-searching thought." His portentous conclusions are that for each man there is waiting somewhere the one Ideal—a "good woman," who neither drinks, kisses, nor bobs her hair. She alone can save him from himself. In return for her services as a domestic Salvation Army worker, a woman "looks primarily to a man for protection." After several disillusionments the hero finds his ideals embodied in a young lady to whom he is united in a love which shall last "forever." Being "builded upon respect" their love "was not related by any bond of consanguinity with low passion."

Such second-hand thinking and tedious windy language have no consanguinity—as the author would say—with the genuine evocation of human nature in living prose.

TOM FOOL. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

The implications of this title do scant justice to the spirit of this novel. "Tom Fool" is primarily a tale of ships and the sea—of a man who could not live happily away from either of them—and his nickname plays no vital rôle in it.

From the time that Tom Fould sailed to Australia as a child and fell in love with the *Mary Prosper,* throughout his hardships, friendships, and perils on other ships, even in his final great adventure when he "put the bloody fire out with the damned waterspout," he craved the keen edge and excitement of danger. Mingled with that craving at times was the desire for the ecstacy of passion, but in the end he realized that whether he found beauty in a woman, a ship, or a sense of peril, the poignancy was somehow very nearly the same for him.

Mrs. Harwood is an accomplished writer and widely experienced both in life and in her art. Her novel is crowded with incidents, many of them vividly presented, and her prose is for the most part sensitive and richly textured. One feels that the earlier parts, the emigration to Australia and life aboard Tom's first two or three ships, might advantageously have been curtailed—the book is ill-proportioned because of them—and one resents the Conradian manner in which the tale flows backward from the opening pages both because it is unnecessary and because it has been achieved by means of an unhappy device. Accurate characterization, also, and especially realism in the matter of the dialogue, have often been sacrificed in the accumulation of a superabundance of detail.

But when the upper topsail yards have been mast-headed, the royals and topgallant sails loosed and set, and one races out to sea with Tom, one is inclined to forget the defects of the novel. With him one rejoices in the smell of Stockholm tar and teak panelling, in the steady rustle of the water past the ship's side, and with him, too, one longs for the rush and thrill and fulness of life in a beautiful sailer. It must also be added that two of the episodes on shore are among the best things in the book: Tom's night in the Cartagena *casa* with the little Guarini girl is unforgetable, and his brief but lovely idyl with Jennifer is visualized with rare delicacy of thought and feeling.

WHAT IS TO BE. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1926. $2.

A purveyor of romance so skilful as Mr. J. C. Snaith is bound sooner or later to turn to the imaginary kingdom in the Balkans which has served so well as a background for the intrigues of innumerable authors, and under many names, as Graustark and Zenda and Legion, has witnessed the triumph of love and the right political party. Mr. Snaith calls his particular incarnation of the realm Carmania. The Princess is a refugee in London, where she encounters the narrator-hero, who later takes care of her kingdom for her when chance restores it. They have a highly exciting time with old-fashioned palace plots and new-fangled Bolshevist machinations. In the end she comes to a chilly death in the mountains, fleeing from her subjects, who did not approve of her English consort. Although one must regret the fashion, since Anthony Hope, of ending these affairs so tragically, one must also admit that Mr. Snaith wrings every drop of emotion from his climax, furnishes all the requisite properties, and deserves all praise for his courage in rushing in where many have already trod. But he writes very well at times. Let us hope that the attraction of analytical neo-realism does not prove too strong, and deprive Carmania of her able spokesman.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST: EMANUEL QUINT. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Translated by THOMAS SELTZER. Viking Press. 1926. $2.50.

Gerhart Hauptmann is one of the few writers who have attained eminence in both fiction and the drama. Yet his first serious novel, "The Fool in Christ," is also probably his best. The question as to what would happen if Jesus should reappear on the earth today has been asked by fool and wise man but never answered as convincingly as in this work. The character and convictions of Emanuel Quint are modeled upon those of Jesus; his career closely parallels the Biblical story. Hauptmann is too great an artist, however, to allow the symbolism of the story to submerge its realism; the work is poignantly, almost unbearably, tragic. Whether the Christ character is a suitable ideal for humanity is left uncertain. "The Fool in Christ" is written for the skeptic rather than for the orthodox believer, yet no believer who takes his Christ seriously can fail to be moved by Hauptmann's profound treatment. Of the many contemporary presentations of the reincarnated-Christ theme, his alone is certain to endure.

THE BAKER'S CART. By GERALD BULLETT. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Mr. Gerald Bullett, the author of a successful novel of last year, "Mr. Godly Beside Himself," publishes thirteen short stories under this title. Most of his subjects lie in the realm of the grotesque, or of the supernatural. Nevertheless, the few stories in which he remains firmly fixed in reality show his skill most clearly. Among these, though suggesting famous recent models, the title story, the ironic picture of "Simpson's Funeral," and the analytical "Attitudes," are best. Control of style and form all Mr. Bullett's work shows, but in the balance of the book, despite his talent in handling outlandish dramatic incidents there is a less even quality. Too often, having carefully achieved some horrifying effect, he destroys it in a final and unnecessary paragraph of exposition. He seems anxious to point out to the reader, after finishing his narrative, precisely what has happened. The narrative itself is sufficiently well conducted to render this primary-school recapitulation superfluous in such stories as "Queer's Rival" and "The Dark House." "Three Sundays," containing a first rate murder is less crippled by the author, while "Prentice," a brief and violent souvenir of the war, is entirely unspoiled. An idea of the range of Mr. Bullett's talent through his thirteen pieces may be gained by comparing this story with "Sunflowers," in which a child of six is the principal character and the removal of a few flowers from a garden the principal incident. That both are admirable in their vastly different ways is perhaps the highest and most hopeful token of the author's ability. In the collection as a whole it is obvious that some story will please even the most captious reader.

THE TRAIL OF GLORY. By LEROY SCOTT. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Mr. Leroy Scott is seriously concerned over the plight of the champions of amateur sports. A championship in tennis has become an exacting, though unpaid, profession, which leaves a man no time to make money on the side. This no doubt offers a practical problem to many young men with ambitions on the courts and nothing in the bank. It is a problem for the Lawn Tennis Association (and the champions) to meet. Mr. Scott has turned it into a book which is a "novel" by courtesy only. His characters are puppets, the dialogue that of a school-boy, and the premises those of a Rotary Club.

His hero, who started poor, has found a rich Maecenas, and has become the "greatest tennis player the world has ever produced." But he is unhappy in his glory. In spite of his skill and fame, he is ashamed to declare his love to the lady of his choice because he has not yet "begun to try to make something of himself"—by which he means: make money. On the other hand he is afraid to drop tennis because his idealistic patriotism tells him that America is counting on him. This is his "tragedy." He

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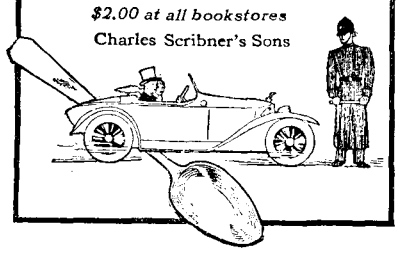

is finally freed from his dilemma by an injury to his foot, enters business, which is a "real career," and marries the lady. At last he has the satisfacticon of "work that is a real man's work"—which means that he is present at a desk each week until Saturday noon; "and business takes most of his evenings as well."

In an Introduction Mr. William T. Tilden, 2nd, describes this twaddle in which, as he points out, "all that is done . . . springs from unselfish motives," as "the greatest sport novel he has ever read."

Poetry

SCARABEUS. By *Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery*. Vinal.

WILD GINGER. By *Marion Hamilton*.. Vinal.

A JEWELLED SCREEN. By *Ann Hamilton*. Vinal.

WORDSWORTH PRELUDE. Edited from the Manuscripts by *Ernest de Selincourt*. Oxford University Press.

SATIRICAL POEMS OF THE REVEREND WILLIAM MASON. With notes by *Horace Walpole*. Oxford University Press. $14.

IS FIVE. By *E. E. Cummings*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Religion

THE UNKNOWN BIBLE. The Sources and Selections of the Scripture Canon. By CONRAD HENRY MOEHLMAN. Doran. 1926. $2.

With bewildering learning and much trenchancy of statement, Professor Moehlman opens to the reader unfamiliar vistas in the history of the Bible, with all its difficulty of understanding and curiosities of translation. The Catholic and Protestant attitude to the Bible are presented from the point of view of a church historian, and the conditions under which the New Testament arose are sympathetically and intellectually described. This sketch of the *Unknown Bible* covers a wide span and leads to a sound appreciation of the deeper values in which its greatness really lies.

A SUMMER PROGRAM FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL. By *Miles H. Krumbine*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

ASPECTS OF ETHICAL RELIGION. Edited by *Horace J. Bridges*. American Ethical Union, 2 West 64th Street, New York City.

Travel

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. By *Walter Collins O'Kane*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A STUDENT IN SICILY. By *Mrs. Nevill Jackson*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

SIGNPOSTS OF ADVENTURE. By *James Willard Schultz*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

BUT IN OUR LIVES. By *Sir Francis Younghusband*. Appleton. $2.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE SILVER SPOON. By *John Galsworthy* (Scribner).

HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By *Viscount Haldane* (Dutton).

THE POT OF EARTH. By *Archibald MacLeish* (Houghton Mifflin).

M. F. D., Battle Creek, Mich., needs ghost stories to tell in boys' camps and clubs; H. F., New York, needs them for girls' camps; both have exhausted the well-known collections and find that good stories of ghostly character, even if not intended for actual narration, can readily be adapted to this purpose by an experienced raconteur. As G. H., Newark, N. J., asks what use is now being made of the supernatural in fiction, as for example in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" (Doran), let us combine the three in one horrendous list.

"HUMOROUS GHOST STORIES" and "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," two collections edited by Dorothy Scarborough (Putnam), are unusually good for retelling. "Great Ghost Stories" (Dodd, Mead), with an introduction by Professor Hyslop, "Best Ghost Stories," recent examples of the supernatural (Small, Maynard), and "Best Ghost Stories," ranging from Defoe to Ellis Parker Butler (Boni & Liveright), have been proved useful in camp libraries. The most unusual and distinctive ghost stories I know, and the ones that will give a hardened reader the coldest and most insidious chills, are written by Montague Rhodes James and published by Longmans, Green. I made his acquaintance with "A Thin Ghost and Others," caught this up for a moment and froze to it like cold iron until the last page: then came "Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian" and "More Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian"—this being his peculiarly favorable angle on the subject—and now comes his new one, "A Warning to the Curious." "Haunted Houses," by Charles Harper (Lippincott), is crowded with tales that go beautifully when told; he gives the *locale* of every one, for the book is made up of experiences at least believed to be true by those most concerned: another book of this sort, considering the evidence in psychic phenomena, is Flammarion's "Haunted Houses" (Appleton), and "Real Ghost Stories," by W. T. Stead, has just been brought back to print by Doran. In R. Thurston Hopkins's "Sheila Kaye Smith" (Palmer), which is an excellent literary guide-book to Sussex especially if you are going on foot, there is a genuine ghost story, very creepy.

There have been several collections of stories this year that take this tone; indeed it is one that sounds clearly in recent British fiction. The first volume of "Georgian Stories" (Putnam), published two years ago, was overwhelmingly concerned with the supernatural, and the second of the admirable collections of short stories by British and American writers, "Twenty-Nine Stories by Twenty-Nine Authors" (Appleton), was altogether chosen from tales of terror, or at least of the uncanny. "The Smoking Leg," by John Metcalfe (Doubleday, Page), is nineteen gruesome or mystic tales of England and the Far East. In "The Happy Ghost," by H. H. Bashford (Harper), the note is rather whimsical than uncanny, and a delicate fantasy called "God and the Bud Openers" deals with the problems rising from a late Spring. Edith Wharton, in her new volume of stories, "Here and Beyond" (Appleton), returns to this field, in which she has long since shown proficiency, in the remarkable psychological study "Miss Mary Pask." "The Baseless Fabric," by Helen Simpson (Knopf), is concerned with borderland vibrations and delicate echoes from beyond the world. In Conrad's posthumous volume, "Tales of Hearsay" (Doubleday, Page), there is a tale, "The Black Mate," of one whose hair turned white presumably at an apparition; it is a shock to find that his supply of hairdye had given out on the long voyage, and this explanation occurred to him as a means of saving his face. "Visible and Invisible" (Doran) is E. F. Benson's harrowing set of stories of this sort. Of full-length novels, Virginia MacFayden's "Bittern Point" (A. & C. Boni) is a murder mystery involving evil and occult powers. Mrs. Rinehart's "Red Lamp" (Doran) I have already named; she does not altogether clear up her ghosts in the general solution of the murder-mystery, leaving a pleasing uncertainty. In "Pender Among the Residents," by Forrest Reid (Houghton Mifflin), there is a love-affair with a charming ghost, and in "Haunting," by C. Dawson Scott (Knopf), a poisoned brother comes back to the conscience of his undoer.

H. W. C., Chicago, asks for other books in which Englishmen give their impressions of America, as W. L. George did in "Hail Columbia," Chesterton in "What I Saw in America," and Arnold Bennett in "Your United States."

ALLAN NEVINS in "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" (Holt) preserves for posterity a chronological record of opinion as expressed by visitors to this country from its earliest days to the present time. It makes entertaining and enlightening reading; sometimes our clear-eyed critics saw more than we were willing to see, sometimes more than we at the time realized was there, but it is in the main a more inviting picture than has been drawn in late years by some American novelists, historical and contemporary. It goes to the year before last, and since then there have been the usual precipitates of travel and lecture-tours, the most reasonable and illuminating being in magazine articles by Rebecca West and Frank Swinnerton. But the most important is written by two young Englishmen, Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd, who came over last year at their own expense and stayed long enough to visit and to study twenty-nine American commercial organizations in an effort to discover what they use as the title of their resulting report, "The Secret of High Wages," now published here by Dodd, Mead. The book should arouse as much interest here as it has abroad, though not for so painful a reason; it puts aside notions current in the British Isles as to causes that make it impossible for us to be other than prosperous, and assigns the sources of our economic prosperity to nine principles that in their opinion not only earn but deserve it. One does not too often find a book in which a foreign visitor really tries to find out what life is like in this country. I love to converse with Englishmen about our respective countries, I find out so much without saying a word: in this country they tell me all about England and when I visit them they tell me all about America.

B. H. K., Schenectady, N. Y., asks if there are two poems, one "I have a rendezvous with life," the other "I have a rendezvous with death," and which came first.

ALAN SEEGER'S "I have a rendezvous with death," one of the most widely-quoted poems of the war, was followed by "We" by Hervey Allen, whose last stanza is:

We have come back who broke the line
The hard Hun held by bomb and knife!
All but the blind can read the sign:
The time is ours by right divine,
Who drank with Death in blood red wine,
We have a rendezvous with life!

I do not know when it first appeared, but it now may be found in one of the most practical, personally useful anthologies I ever saw, "The Poetry Cure," edited by Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead). This, the editor protests, is no more a cure for poetry than the Keeley cure was a cure for Keeleys: it is Tried and Tested verses "good for you" in various emergencies, from "stimulants for a faint heart" and "poppy-juice for insomnia" to "anodynes for sorrow." It is a plain citizens' poetry book, and I hope it has a vast circulation.

F. D. S., Washington, D. C., asks for the newest books on methods for teachers in the Junior High School.

"THE Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School," by Henry C. Morrison (University of Chicago), is an analysis of teaching procedure in the field of non-specialized education which lies between the beginning of the fourth grade and the end of the junior college. It is both critical and constructive, developing a theory of teaching that would do away with the learning of "lessons, and too often not a great deal more." It is the result of twenty-five

NO, we won't quote it; it's been worn too threadbare with repetition. But it's as old as Ecclesiastes, that statement on which we are silent as to the making of books. Their multiplicity is about us to prove its veracity.

How shall we choose among them? "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together" might be said of the reader and his desire. But it is within his power to have a book to fit his every mood and every need if he will but accept the guidance of those who are trained to winnow the literary harvest. Theirs it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to label the product. Even more than that, however, is it theirs to present a fillip to appetite in piquant criticism, and an aid to digestion in considered appraisal. Wouldn't you choose your books the more readily, or enjoy them the better, for such comment as this?

He was red-headed about life; he was a perpetual erupting volcano. His words were spears, battle-axes, hand-grenades. In short, as has often been pointed out, he was an upsidedown idealist, a wild and snorting romantic whose fantastic indignation ran out and revelled in the ugly, the grotesque, the obscene. Descriptive science be hanged! He didn't describe a world—he created one.

We have culled this from a recent *Saturday Review of Literature*. It might disturb the buckled elegant at the top of the column, but it might interest some friend of yours. If you think it will, won't you jot down his name and address on the coupon below?

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Points of View

Art or Anodyne?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*

SIR: In a recent issue of your journal, Mr. Dodd in his "The Triumph of the Tough," restates with engaging candor the "Art for Life's Sake" theory of literature. He very frankly confesses himself an apostate. "Thought and its expression should be free—and here is a point of view like another!" he says, in speaking of those who judge of literature as if it were a medicine, either good for one, or not. Superficially the conception is true, insofar as the right to freedom of dissent is concerned. But one point of view is not necessarily like another. The point of view which asks for a happy ending, an uplifting moral, a great exaltation, in the literature it condescends to judge, is simply and quite demonstrably not a literary point of view at all. It is a point of view which would make of literature a poultice, a bromide, or a stimulant, as the doctor might prescribe. "Do I feel the better for having read it?" asks Mr. Dodd. "That is, do I feel more, or less able to go on with the difficult business of living my life? Am I bucked up, or not?"

This question presupposes an attitude of profound pessimism. It implies that life is everywhere difficult, that mankind lives on the brink of despair and surrender, and that it needs only a sober book to drive thousands to madness. Whereas the truth is that at this moment of writing practically everybody who reads books is off in his car to the mountains and the shore, acquiring sunburn, flirting, and disporting himself with great glee—except when he is shown a book, when doubtless he will remember his burdens, and gasp faintly, "Will it make *me* feel any better?"

Is not this, to put it bluntly, bunk? The happiest people on earth, the most comfortably upholstered, Americans are also the most self-pitying. But they are not afraid of life: they are simply afraid of thought. Good literature is not written for or against happy endings, but to offer to those capable of understanding it the truth which is beauty, the beauty which is truth. If Mr. Dodd's question were, "Will it do me any good? Will it open my blind eyes? Will it quicken my dull fat soul?"—then there might be reason for asking it. But to ask feebly, "Will it make me feel any better?" is to make of literature an anodyne rather than an art. Did Mr. Dodd really mean it so?

H. M. HAMILTON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Further Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

My attention has been drawn to a review by Ernest Sutherland Bates, of the book entitled "Christian Science, an Examination of the Religion of Health," written by Sir William Barrett and Rosa M. Barrett. This review appears in your issue of June 12 and I crave your recognition of a brief reply and may I say, hope that you will give it space in your next issue. The principal attacks by our critic have been answered in the public press innumerable times and Christian Science and its discoverer and founder have stood the assaults of their foes for sixty years and an ever-increasing number of grateful men and women are benefiting by the teachings revealed to the world through this discovery.

I am led to challenge the use of the appelative "megalomania" as employed by the critic in referring to Mary Baker Eddy. Never was anyone so far removed from "delusions" as this great and unselfed spiritual seer and it is quite true that during her lifetime she accumulated from the profits of her own writings and through wise investments a comfortable fortune that was left to aid in perpetuating the cause she founded: but she sought no public recognition except that which would protect and continue for all time the teachings of Christian Science. Again the reference made by the authors of "bastard idealism" and applied to Mrs. Eddy's discovery gives evidence of gross ignorance of the fundamentals of Christian Science which is the purest idealism. In her textbook she says, "In following these leadings of scientific revelation, the Bible was my only textbook." "For three years after my discovery, I sought the solution of this problem of Mind-healing, searched the Scriptures and read little else, kept aloof from society, and devoted time and energies to discovering a positive rule." And again she has recorded for her followers "As adherers of Truth, we take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life." Surely our critic cannot regard such teachings as spurious or false but as evidencing an approach to the idealism demonstrated by the Master and approached by one who sought to emulate his example and who habitually turned her thought to God for guidance.

Edgar G. Gyger.

Boston Literati

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

After Mr. Dale Warren, I hasten to your column, with additional evidence justifying Boston's claim to a sizable portion of Parnassus.

I open the pages of "Who's Who" at random, noting the array of writers who either reside or have had their upbringing in New England: Dorothy Speare and Percy Marks—relentless exposers of academic life. Samuel Merwin and Joseph Lincoln—graphic character drawers. Wilbur Daniel Steele—that master of the short-story. Winston Churchill—who must have beguiled and influenced Arlen. E. E. Cummings—who won the *Dial* prize. Harold Vinal—whose *Voices* was first issued in Boston. And thus to infinity.

It was Amherst College that sedulously nursed the languid author of "North of Boston" and "New Hampshire."

It is Bowdoin College that year after year beckons into its cloisters famous writers to lecture on literature.

Since the Tea Party, has there been so much clamor and commotion in Boston as when H. L. Mencken, followed by his "civilized majority," sold his forbidden magazine on the Common a few months ago? Why then, this idiotic, ungrateful talk about "New England decading"?

RICHARD BADLIAN.

Boston, Mass.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

My attention has been drawn to an article headed "A London Letter" by "Roderick Random" in your issue of April 10th, 1926, in which the writer makes most inaccurate statements concerning Colonel Lawrence's forthcoming book.

The whole of the writer's concluding statements are entirely wrong, and as they have caused both Colonel Lawrence and myself considerable annoyance and inconvenience I shall be most obliged if you will be friendly enough to correct them.

It is true that I was at one time Curtis Brown's General Manager in London, but I did not casually meet Lawrence nor did I make any of the statements attributed to me. I had not heard of Lawrence for over a year and a quarter and did not even know where he was and had been in business on my own for two years when suddenly he characteristically telegraphed to me "out of the blue" asking me to meet him at a little wayside station in Dorset. I went to see him and he asked me personally if I would take over all his literary work to which I gladly and proudly agreed.

I never saw Mr. George Lorimer when I was in Philadelphia nor has the *Saturday Evening Post* secured the serial rights of Colonel Lawrence's book.

The book will be published simultaneously in America and England in the spring of 1927 and serially in other countries probably in January of that year.

RAYMOND SAVAGE.

London.

Franklin's Music

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In these days of the rejuvenation of the harmonica as one of Young America's favorite musical instruments, would it not be of interest to recall that among the accomplishments of Benjamin Franklin was a high degree of command over the ancient and honorable Ápmovikóv?

At least, Nathaniel Evans in his "Poems on Several Occasions," published in Philadelphia in 1772, expressed his appreciation of Franklin's art and skill. I hasten to add that Mr. Evans was a minister of the gospel, and I assume that his testimony is reliable. This was in the days, of course, before the fundamentalist controversy.

The poem is entitled "To Benjamin Franklin, Esq., L.L.D. — Occasioned by hearing him play on the Harmonica," and was written before 1767.

In grateful wonder lost, long had we viewed
Each generous act thy patriot soul pursued;
Our Little State resounds thy just applause,
And, pleased, from thee new fame and
honor draws;
In thee those glorious virtues are combined
That form the true pre-eminence of mind.

What wonder struck us when we did survey
The lambent lightnings innocently play,
And down thy rods beheld the dreaded fire
In swift flame descend—and then expire;
While the red thunders, roaring loud around,
Burst the black clouds, and harmless smite
the ground.

Blest use of art! apply'd to serve mankind,
The noble province of the sapient mind!
For this the soul's best faculties were giv'n,
To trace great nature's laws from earth to
heav'n!

Yet not these themes alone thy thoughts
command.
Each softer science owns thy fostering
hand;
Aided by thee, Urania's heav'nly art,
With finer raptures charms the feeling
heart;
The Harmonica shall join the sacred choir,
Fresh transports kindle, and new joys
inspire.

Hark! the soft warblings, sounding smooth
and clear,
Strike with celestial ravishment the ear,
Conveying inward, as they sweetly roll,
A tide of melting music to the soul;
And sure if aught of mortal-moving strain
Can touch with joy the high angelic train
'Tis this enchanting instrument of thine,
Which speaks in accents more than half
divine!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

One Point of View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your article on the high-mindedness and disinterestedness of publishers, in a recent issue, is amusing, especially in view of the trash which is pouring from the press and the exorbitant prices charged for it. I long ago learned to buy books in England and thus save about one-third of my book money, often getting a better article from the mechanical standpoint, also. American publishers seem to be in the business, not chiefly to make money but solely to make money. If you disagree with this statement, please tell me why the World's Classics, Everyman's Library, and practically every series of the kind originated across the water, and also why the prices on them nearly double when they are handled here by an American firm. Tell me why the prices charged for the Broadway Translations are much higher here than the cost of transportation, duty, etc., warrants. Tell me why a series like the History of Civilization, or whatever they call it, is priced so as to place it beyond the reach of the average student and reader. It is practically impossible for anyone trying to live on the average salary to buy even the most essential of the new books on scientific subjects. No, there is nothing highminded or public-spirited about the American publisher, judging from his antics. He makes no attempt to place the good things and the educative things within the reach of most of us, but tries to grab all the traffic will bear. In addition, he soaks the morons two dollars for "The Keeper of the Bees" and similar pap. He has sprung up like a weed within the past decade and he flourishes like the bay tree.

The second hand book dealers are as bad, if not worse. I have imported books from remainder lots, and have afterward seen other copies, probably from the same lots, listed in the catalogues of American dealers at more than double the price I paid. If you write to one of them for a book of which you are in search, the chances are that you will not hear from him. If you do you will get a quotation like one I received from a dealer in Albany or somewhere up that way. I asked if he had a copy of Saintsbury's "Flourishing of Romance" and he quoted me a price of $15 on it. I afterward purchased a copy for a few shillings.

Some of these statements may sound harsh, but anyone who has been a lifelong booklover and reader, as I have, and has been compelled to go without most of the newer books which he believes to be worth reading, and many of the older ones, will understand the feeling which prompts them.

PAUL R. BIRGE

Washington, D. C.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

years as teacher, principal, city and state superintendent, and for the last six years Professor in the University of Chicago, with the Laborator Schools at his disposal. Though of recent publication it has already received high endorsement.

E. F. M., Toledo, Ohio, asks for two or three books on the theory of poetry and a brief anthology containing the acknowledged briefer masterpieces of English poetry, such as Shelley's "Skylark," Keat's "Grecian Urn," and Wordsworth's "Intimations."

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE'S "The Theory of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace) though by a poet of the new dispensation, keeps to the consideration of "acknowledged masterpieces," possibly because it was originally given to lecture audiences where it is necessary, if one is to discuss theory, to be sure that the examples used in illustration are already in the memories of the hearer. Edith Sitwell, in her brilliant and provocative study, "Poetry and Criticism (Holt), presents advance news and provides the evidence; but by using for illustration one of her own poems she is able, and fortunately for the art and practice of poetry, willing as well, to explain point for point, word for word, just what was in the mind of the poet during the process of production. I find this small volume—a lovely piece of bookmaking, from the wrapper to the last line of printing—lets in more light in fewer words than any other book on the present poetic situation.

This inquirer, however, is evidently in search of light on the past as well as the future, and looking for books like "The Inspiration of Poetry," by George Edward Woodberry (Macmillan), which has essays on Marlowe, Lucretius, Byron, Gray, Tasso, and Camoens; "The Soul of Modern Poetry," by R. H. Strachan, D.D., (Doran), Edinburgh lectures, 1922, and "Poetic Values," by John C. Neihardt (Macmillan). If he is interested also in the psychology of the poet, let him read with care "The Poetic Mind," by Frederick Clarke Prescott (Macmillan), originally contributed to the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, "On English Poetry," by Robert Graves (Knopf), an "irregular approach to the psychology of this art, from evidence mainly subjective," "The Psychology of the Poet Shelley," by Edward Carpenter (Dutton) which shows how far ahead of his time Shelley was, in this respect as in so many other fields, and "The Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody," edited by Christina H. Baker (Houghton Mifflin), one of the most vivid pictures drawn, through any means of expression, of the inner life of a poet. This field is too fascinating: I must for sake of space close the door upon a long list, even upon "The Life of Emily Dickinson," by Martha Dickinson Bianchi (Houghton Mifflin). But I cannot leave out "Thamyris," by R. C. Trevelyan (Dutton), one of the Today and Tomorrow Series with the desperate sub-title "Is there a future for poetry?" I have too many times shoved this series into the attention of audiences to say much more about it here; I am told that the day after I appear in a new town there is a run on this line of little, surcharged booklets at the shops where they are on sale.

For the anthology, you will find that "English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" (Macmillan) is not too large, has wide pages in double columns of clear, large type, and contains the "acknowledged masterpieces" named and many others. It would be an excellent choice for a school library or for home use. A companion volume, "A Book of English Literature" (Macmillan) has both prose and poetry from Chaucer to Galsworthy; it would make a stimulating accompaniment to a High School course, and guide any student in home reading.

B. G., Philadelphia, Pa., asks "what is the Vie Heureuse, what is the Femina—Vie Heureuse prize, why so called, and is there a Homo-Vie Heureuse prize too?

FEMINA is a gorgeous French magazine, much like our *Vogue*. *Vie Heureuse* is another French magazine, and the prize offered by the two and awarded by a jury of women has just been adjudged for this year to Mrs. Mary Webb for her novel "Precious Bane." Perhaps you might say there was a "man" prize too, for there is a corresponding award called the *Femina-Bookman* Prize, which has just been won by Mme. Marion Gilbert with her novel "Le Joug." The *Bookman* in question is the London publication. Both prizes will be presented at l'Institut Français by the French Ambassadress, in July.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

THE summer sales at the auction rooms of Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., have become somewhat of a fixed institution, for dealers and collectors do not overlook or neglect them. On June 29, many choice and rare items of Americana, comprising autographs, broadsides, pamphlets, and books, including material relating to Indian captivities, early imprints, rare tracts on the Revolutionary War, the Early West, and the early history of Connecticut and New Jersey, were sold, many of the orders coming by mail, and very satisfactory prices were realized.

A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Adams (John). A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, Quincy, August 20, 1798, to Gov. Sumner. $69.

Arnold (Benedict). A. L. S. 1 p., folio, Ticonderoga, October 20, 1776, to Col. John Trumbull. A fine early war letter. $295.

Ballantine (John). "The Importance of God's Presence with an Army going against the Enemy," 8vo., unbound, Boston, 1756. A sermon preached in Westfield, June 2, 1756, before Captain Mosely and his company began their march towards Crown Point. $67.50.

Carolina. "The Case of the Protestant Dissenters in Carolina, shewing how a Law to Prevent Occasional Conformity there has ended in the Total Subversion of the Constitution in Church and State," etc., small 4to, followed by first charter and other papers, London, 1706. $125.

Crespel (Pere Emanuel). "Travels in North America," etc., crown 8vo., wrappers, London, 1797. Contains a narrative of shipwreck and extraordinary hardships and sufferings on the Island of Anticosti. $60.

Franklin (Benjamin). Printed document signed, September 24, 1756, 12mo. Certification of attendance as a member of the Assembly for the City of Philadelphia, with a receipt for services on the reverse side signed by Franklin. $210.

Frontenac (Conte de) A. L. S. 1 p., December, 1644. Rare autograph of the governor of New France. $210.

Harding (Warren G.) L. S. as President, 1 p. 4to, The White House, Washington, July 22, 1921, in regard to the British and the American Legion. $74.50.

Harding, L. S. 1 p., 8vo, Marion, October 22, 1920. Written a few days before his election to the presidency. $75.50.

Hastings (Lansford W.). "A New Description of Oregon and California," etc., 8vo., unbound, Cincinnati, 1849. Rare title of which apparently only one other copy has been recorded. $107.

Broadside. In Congress, Wednesday April 3, 1776, 1 p., folio, signed by John Hancock, President. Instructions to privateers. $50.

Johnson (Sir William). D. S. 1 p., folio, signed "Wm. Johnson," Johnson Hall, July 13, 1765. Original certificate by Johnson of the legality of the historic William Smith purchase of the Indian lands. $90.

Lafayette (Marquis De), A. L. S., 4 pp., 4to, Lagrange, November 10, 1828, to Jeremy Bentham, in English. A tribute to Bentham's work, especially relating to international politics. $125.

Lathrop (John). "Innocent Blood Crying to God from the Streets of Boston," 8vo., unbound, London, printed; Boston reprinted, 1771. One of the rarest items relating to Boston Massacre. $77.50.

Lee (Charles). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, August 19, 1782, to Robert Morris. Written shortly before his death. $56.

Marshall (John). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, Richmond, February 29, 1790, to James Mercer. Relating to legal matters. $50.

Putnam (Gen. Israel). D. S., 2 pp., 4to, New York, December 3, 1766. Witnessed by Daniel Horsmanden. $180.

Roosevelt (Theodore). A. L. S. 1 p., 8vo, November 29, signed as president. $50.

Rush (Benjamin). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, April 27, 1804, to David Howell. On medical matters. $51.

Taylor (Alexander S.). "Discovery of California and Northwest America," etc., 8vo, wrappers, San Francisco, 1853. Apparently the first copy to be sold at auction. $52.50.

Taylor (Zachary). L. S., 4 pp., 4to, Headquarters, Army of the South, September 17, 1838. A Florida Indian letter. $105.

Washington (George). A. L. S., 3 pp., 4to, Mt. Vernon, October 4, 1795, to Gen. Spotswood. In regard to real estate transactions. $235.

Washington, L. S. 4 pp., folio, Verplank's Point, September 23, 1782, to Maj. Generals, William Heath and Henry Knox. A fine war letter. $305.

Wilson (Woodrow). L. S., 2 pp., 8vo, Baltimore, February 25, 1896, declining to write an article giving his reasons for opposing woman suffrage. $50.

IN HONOR OF "OLD GLORY."

AN illuminated parchment, said to be the largest ever made, has been sent to the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in honor of "Old Glory." The designs and execution were the work of Antonio and Giuseppe Mongo of Brooklyn, and commemorates the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. This great parchment, consisting of eight sections cleverly joined so as to appear as one piece, is the result of long and careful preparation and experiment. The scheme of decoration is said to be in the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, somewhat in the manner of his ceiling in the Sforza Castle in Milan. It is brilliant with gold used in the wide border and in the lettering throughout, according to the method of the ancient illuminators. Thirteen miniatures, eight inches wide and about one-half as high, depict outstanding events of American history, many symbolic devices being used. As many as thirty figures occupy certain of the miniatures, and although the scale is very small, the likenesses of the various historic personages have been carefully preserved. Two American flags, against an azure ground in Mosaic effect, have been used, one after the original with its thirteen stars, and the other the flag of today. The general effect of the parchment is most successful and it is bound to attract a great deal of attention during the Exposition. Another similar parchment executed in honor of the Federal Constitution by the Mongo brothers is in the Congressional Library at Washington. It has been suggested that this companion piece should finally go to the same place.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"FACTS about Poe," is a research publication of the University of Virginia. It contains authentic facts about Poe in the form of an entertaining sketch by Dr. James Southall Wilson, Edgar Allan Poe professor of English at the university. It also contains seventeen portraits of Poe and a discussion of all known authentic portraits.

The year 1925 was a record breaking year for the British and Foreign Bible Society. According to a recent report, more Bibles were published and circulated by the Society in that twelve months than in any previous year, 1,744,600 copies having been distributed in England and abroad. Nearly every country where Bibles have been distributed shows an increase except Russia. Only Russia has barred its gates; there, the Bible Society says, "all our efforts to gain an entrance has failed."

The season just ended has shown a constantly growing interest in the books designed and printed under the direction of Bruce Rogers. In the last four or five years his books have made great advances in value. Since so many are now interested in collecting books with which he is identified, it is essential that the record be kept accurate. It seems to have been generally understood that Joseph Pennell's "Adventures of an Illustrator" was a Rogers book. This does not appear to have been the case. From start to finish the book was done by Pennell and William E. Rudge, and doubtless as Mr. Rudge had rather a difficult time—in spots—he certainly ought to have all the credit that is due him. Although the Pennell book has been referred to as a Rogers book repeatedly, this is, we believe, the first correction of the error.

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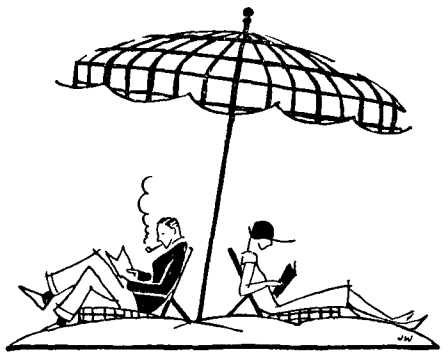

Now that Summer is here . . . . . .

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. . . . .

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. . . . .

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Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

NOW, presumably in our right mind, we have returned to the land of our birth. Here we are again, cherishing the memory of a dream. Two weeks in London and two weeks in Paris have passed like a single twirl of a kaleidoscope —and we are nostalgic for those sights and sounds forever . . .

But we have returned to un-asterisk ourselves. We shall never be the same Phoenician again. We intend to become a regular paragrapher. This change we have long meditated . . .

We believe that we are not unduly flattering ourselves when we maintain that we were first in the field with the liberally-asterisked literary column. But now for some time it has been a drug on the market . . .

And we have returned to peruse among other letters on our desk one from a Mr. *Willis W. Thorn*, a pleasant thorn in the flesh, who advises us from Lansing, Michigan, that the asterisked form makes our column hard to wade through . . .

Well, perhaps this may be a little better. At any rate, this shall be our "later manner." The changes you can ring on the outward appearance of this kind of column are typographically limited in effectiveness. This must suffice . . .

This may be what Mr. Thorn means by "salesmanship." He thinks he's right, and *we* think he's right. He wonders how we can tolerate so monotonous a medium. But any medium for book-chatter is bound to grow monotonous. However, perhaps for the nonce, this . . .

Even the trumpets of the French taxis have a sweet monotony, though would God we could hear them again . . .

No, we did not see *James Joyce* . . .

But we ran into *Herbert S. Gorman* to whom Joyce had lately been reading some of the new work he has in process. We met Herbert in an ill-lit catacomb supposedly a haunt of the Apaches, where both Herbert and ourselves were sight-seeing . . .

It turned out to be, to our mind, a pleasantly innocuous place. We sat in its cellar and had a *fine*, and couldn't understand a word of the songs a strenuous singer was singing . . .

Thence we were taken to the Agile Rabbit, where we had what the charming *Dorothy Parker* persisted in calling cherry-pies. They are cherries in alcohol—and they are not so much. We were thirsty . . .

Besides, it was a "quaint" place, and it was a tourist-trap . . .

We like better Lyons Corner House on Coventry Street in London. That must be the beau ideal of all Childs Restaurants. And there are more cigarette slot-machines there than in most places in London . . .

We like better a sign we saw in New Compton Street, viz: "Sword Maker, Cremation, and Pinking." And there was a pair of red boots in the window. It is right that "Sword Maker" should have stood first; but shouldn't the "Pinking" have preceded the "Cremation" . . .

We like better a buzzing street market we came upon in Little Pulteney Street, and round the corner in Great Windmill Street was a tipster's announcement, "Joe Somethingorother's late wire. I am bang in form. Yesterday I wired . . ." etc. etc. . . .

But that's not to say we don't like Paris! After seeing the old window from which *Alfred De Musset* looked forth, in the court back of the Fountain of the Four Seasons . . .

After viewing *Victor Hugo's* round-tower room in the Street of the Dragon, and finding the Inn of the Little Chair . . .

After treading with awe the chapel of the Rodin Musée and standing breathless before the superbly imaginative sculpture of *Balzac* in its shadowy niche . . .

No wonder we can't get down to discussing contemporary literature! For whilom we dwelt in the precincts of *La Reine Margot*. And someone tried to tell us that she was the *Margaret of Valois* who wrote the "Heptameron"! . . .

No, she was another, but pretty snappy too . . .

Enough of Queens, let us consider the artist. Our friend *A. Hugh Fisher* with whom we stayed under the shadow of the Chiltern Hills (And, dear printer, *this* time, *please* do not print it "Chitterus") had recently been enjoying the late *Sir Walter Raleigh's* "Poems on Art," which he sent to *Robert Anning Bell* and which appear in the second volume of his letters . . .

For instance,

The Artist

An Artist is an awful man;
He does not do the things he can;
He does the things he cannot do;
And we attend the private view.

. . .

Although the world is fair to see,
The Artist will not let it be;
He fiddles with the works of God,
And makes them look uncommon odd.

Thus also with writers. How uncommon odd some of the modern writers make them look! . . .

(By the way, oh printer, there were a lot of misprints in last week's column. *Keats'* Grove is in Hampstead, not in Haupstead, where the haups might be crying my heart remembers how,—if they *were* haups . . .

Or perhaps you were thinking of the haup that once through Tara's halls . . .)

Apropos of poets, which Hampstead naturally suggests, the management of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia have asked *Dr. James Lattimore Himrod*, President of the Poetry Lovers of America, to take charge of an "American Poets' Day" program on Wednesday, August 11th. *Miss Harriet Monroe* is helping Dr. Himrod to arrange the program . . .

A little way back we spoke of Rodin's statue of Balzac. A new biography of *Balzac* will appear in October through Alfred A. Knopf. In method it is comparable to Maurois' "Ariel" and *Amy Lowell's* "Keats," in that *M. René Benjamin*, the French author of it, has cast it in a form sustaining the liveliness of fiction . . .

A publishing house new to us has sprung up in that now famous milieu of the Movies, Hollywood, California. This is the David Graham Fischer Corporation which supplies us at this writing with "365 Nights in Hollywood" by *Jimmy Starr*, "Shadows of the Valley," by *Clyde W. Hightower*, and "Kaleidoscope" a book of poems by *Rosalie S. Jacoby* . . .

The jackets and binding of these books are all very crisp and snappy. We have only glanced at the contents, but we are dubious. However . . .

"O Genteel Lady," by *Esther Forbes* (Houghton Mifflin), was the recent first choice of the Book of the Month Club. Note that fact to its credit . . .

You probably don't know of an amusing short play by *Charles Dickens* called "The Lamplighter" which is not available in most of the "complete" sets of Dickens. Appleton has just brought it out together with a typically Dickensian short story that was written from the farce . . .

Joel Rogers of the Century has sent us a carbon of the Century Company's letter to *Mr. Robertus Love* which makes full and ample apology for addressing him as *Miss* Love. And Joel recalls to us some Century publications of the past . . .

He thinks we once may have written copy for them when we were not a Phoenician but a Centurion. We didn't—that we remember—but we are glad to be reminded of such good books of the past as *Anne Douglas Sedgwick's* "Tante," *Maurice Hewlett's* "Mrs. Lancelot" and *Frances Little's* "The Lady and Sada San." . . .

And so no more for this sennight, beloved readers. THE PHŒNICIAN.

"I have often read and sometimes, I am afraid, written," says Gerald Gould in the London *Observer*, "that the essence of American humor is exaggeration. But I don't think American humor is different from other people's humor, except that at the moment there seems to be more of it. Exaggeration is the very spring and essence of Falstaff: the great unbuttoned body of his wit rolls and surges in front of a thousand followers sleek enough to do him credit through Shrewsbury; and into what remote and airy regions of excess do the Micawbers and Pecksniffs waft us! Mark Twain had good models for his exaggerations; when Artemus Ward made Brigham Young say that it took him six weeks to kiss his wives, he was treading in the grand tradition; and when O. Henry coined for his Clancy the immortal sentence: 'I don't know where your country is, but me heart bleeds for it,' he was enlarging geography to the size of imagination. Fit member of this company is Mr. Ring W. Lardner, the new American humorist.

"Having to describe a very thin man, Mr. Lardner says: 'They wouldn't of been no difference in his photograph if you took it with a X-ray or a camera.' Or again: 'His clo'es was certainly class. Why wouldn't they be? He could pick out cloth that was thirty bucks a yard, and get a suit and overcoat for fifteen bucks.' Exaggeration, after all, is only incongruity; and we all know it is the incongruous that makes us laugh. It may be purely verbal—as when Mr. Lardner's characters debate whether they shall go to the opera in the five-dollar seats among the high polloi, or in the three-dollar seats among the riff and raff—but it must have human sympathy behind it. Mr. Lardner takes his comfortable commonplace Gullible and Mrs. Gullible to Palm Beach, and exposes them to every kind of social disappointment and humiliation, but they come up smiling and lovable. Mr. Gullible in particular always triumphs in repartee by mistaking his questioner's point. Anxious to get drink in a state which still, at the time of writing, had a 'locker liquor or liquor locker law,' he approached the bar of his hotel:

" 'I want a highball, I says to the boy.

" 'What's your number? says he.

" 'It varies, I says. Sometimes I can hold twenty, and sometimes four or five makes me sing.'

" 'Gullible's Travels' is purely funny, though it has a wealth of serious satire and honest feeling in it: 'How to Write Short Stories' contains a good deal that is grim. 'My Roomy,' as a study of insanity, and 'Champion,' as a study of successful stupidity and brutality would be hard to beat. This double gift, of humor and horror, is often to be observed in one writer: our own Mr. Barry Pain has it conspicuously: so has Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Mr. Lardner wields a third method—he can, as in 'A Caddy's Diary,' be persistently and intentionally flat-footed, turning dulness to brilliance by making it a medium of revelation."

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